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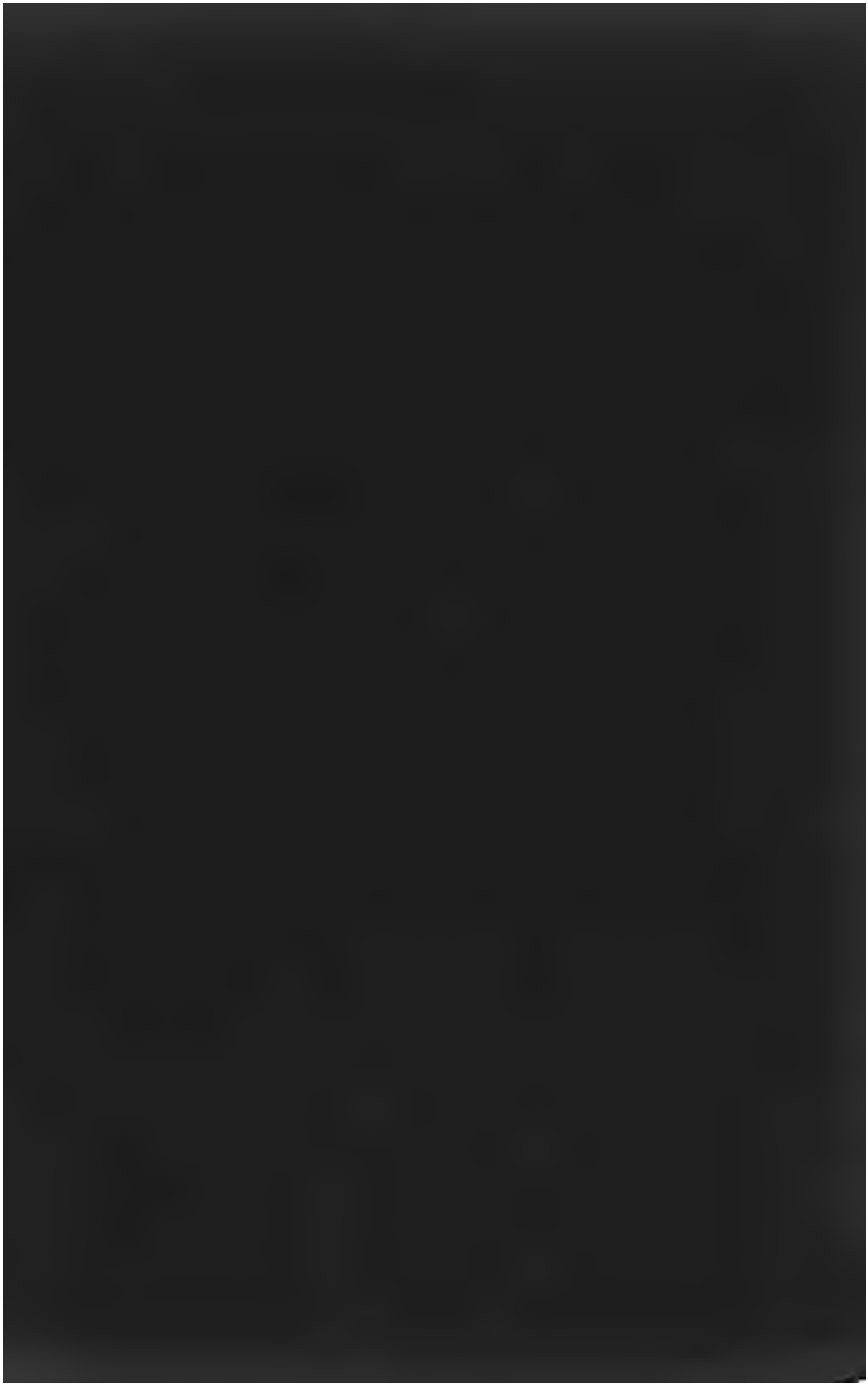
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A Friar's Scourge







A FRIAR'S SCOURGE.

A FRIAR'S SCOURGE.

Nonsense Verses.

ANTHONY.—" Moon and stars!
Whip him.
Whip him fellows!
Till like a boy, you see him
Cringe his face, and cry aloud for mercy."
ANTHONY.—" Is he whipped?"
ATTENDANTS.—" Soundly, my Lord."
ANTHONY.—" Cried he, and begged he pardon?"
ATTENDANTS.—" He did ask favours."

SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON.

1876.



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SCOURGE.

ıly mood,
ım good,
face quite pale,
nely hale.
ly too bad,
mad.
fashions ;
All the result of [illegible] sions.

" Oh! if I were a mortal, and could die,
To have no endless by and bye!



A FRIAR'S SCOURGE.

JOVE sat one day in melancholy mood,
His temper evidently far from good,
With brow much wrinkled, and a face quite pale,
Which heretofore had been extremely hale.
"That world," he cried, "is really too bad,
Its vices and its follies drive one mad.
Its errors, vagaries, and senseless fashions;
All the result of petty human passions.

"Oh! if I were a mortal, and could die,
To have no endless by and bye!

For all Eternity, alas! I'm stationed here,
Without a hope, a sorrow, or a fear.
Hope gone—long vanished, with the past
Was never made, in any case, to last.
Experience kills it, and we learn to hate
The objects, by entreaty, wrung from fate.

"The other worlds are more perverse than this,
For there not less than here, all goes amiss.
The sun makes little flighty Venus mad,
And she leads all the rest to what is bad:
All turn and twist and never stay at rest
Until the farthest seems to me the best.
Though people compliment me as to Jupiter,
As if they like what's slow and stupider!

"Eternity's small fraction known as time,
With ends that match far less than limping rhyme,
Must really be pleasant on the whole,
While twirling round that undiscovered pole.
Such movement, is an essence of all things,
From motion of the spheres to midge's wings,

I wish that men would properly enjoy it,
Or study better how they might employ it.

"But all enraged with our poor vet'ran Time,
His rapid progress they account a crime,
Old soldier, he! who marshals to the grave,
Recruits and veterans, Beauty and her slave.
His voice affrights them from the chimney clock,
As from the ring of adamantine rock;
In vain they try all sinful ways to kill him,
While he kills them, though they can't even still him.

"I'll call a congress soon, to settle things,
And try if we can't clip that fellow's wings,
By studying gymnastics and high art,
With hieroglyphics most mysterious part.
Immediately we'll set the Thames on fire,
Of able men the frustrated desire;
Then o'er the Channel, right from Dover's ridge,
Project to Calais a new asses bridge.

"Machines we'll make, to cram our stupid boys;
Then send them forth, like newspaper decoys,

To show how much a well-expanded chest,
Will hold of Art, and Science, and the rest.
Poor women, too, at congresses must speak—
The time allowed them, not perhaps one week;
Baths, wash-houses, and female legislation,
They'll advocate to purify the nation.

"The boys we'll send to Eton to learn cricket,
Where their new world is entered by a wicket.
Our schools we'll prize, for holidays they give,
And masters thus, by idleness shall live.
Henceforth to teach, or learn, no irksome task,
The use of boxer's gloves and fencer's mask,
And all besides that able muscles train,
The substitutes one knows for powerful brain.

"But brain's not wanted, as we cram our boys
Without tormenting mother's darling joys.
For 'those that run,' the parents say 'may read,'
According to the old proverbial creed.
Nor need they waste much time; the task begun,
Is speedily rejected ere 'tis done,

As stuffed with things beyond their comprehension,
The mess produces mental indigestion.

" 'Tis hoped they'll run to sinew and to bone,
So have their merit valued by the stone.
Such boys, most happily, reject the priest,
Not caring for his cringings in the least.
So when alluring sister Charlotte Ann,
And whisp'ring popery behind her fan;
They'll say at once, ' Now cut your stick and mizzle,
Before upon your back sharp cuts will drizzle.'

" The world can't last, 'tis growing sadly old!
And gets the senile mania greed of gold;
Still not to hoard it, but amusement buy,
Sometimes quite honest, often on the sly,
To purchase movement passion of the day,
And give that dullard ' Jack ' incessant play.
They're always going somewhere—to come back.
Thus making of each hobby a mere hack."

Absorbed in thought, the God ascends his cloud,
While lightnings flash and thunders all around

Salute his progress in the void of space,
Through which he dashes at electric pace;
Hoping that electricity may soon,
On equinoxial line quite reach the moon.
Now that by rail to Heaven our friends are sent,
We must anticipate the same event.

Here from his aërial car great Jove alights,
To enter halls bright with effulgent lights,
Of rainbow tints that color all around
And shed pure arsenic greens upon the ground.
To him t'was quite a bore receiving friends,
Except when summoned for his private ends;
But now, most graciously, he smiled and bowed,
While longing to exterminate that crowd.

Popes of all grades and times assembled there,
The good, the bad, the clever, mad or queer;
Papists and Pagans all in grand array,
Olympus was the scene of this display.
Each god his prototype now met,
Saints clearly copied, from the pattern set,

Janus was there with golden key in hand,
Which had admitted the assembled band.

St. Swithin, vestige of the Druid God,
But well restrained by a hierarchal nod
The conjuror Saint Januarius
For bottle-holder had Ignatius;
St. Valentine, of Mercury the heir,
Who carries Cupid's missives here and there,
Stands near the aërial god whose moving pose
Is made remarkable by want of clothes.

More agile still, St. Vitus with such dancing!
Terpsichore could not succeed in prancing;
Invented when the dancing mania pest,
Left Europe, for three centuries, no rest.
The priests created this poor active saint,
Whose practice made exhausted Nature faint;
Till thus producing copious perspiration,
He checked all fever by evaporation.

There they are all, Gods, saints, and sundry Popes,
The latter radiant with forlorn hopes,

That all must yield to the paternal sway,
Submitting meekly on some coming day
When men will their convictions freely own,
That no one's soul should ever be his own.

But now a form appears in scarlet clad.
Trying to look devotionally sad,

Him Jove accosts, with patronizing voice.
" You are the man in whom the Gods rejoice,
Acting the allotted part, ascetic,
That want of blood has rendered so pathetic.
They've starved you to some purpose, one can see,
I much prefer 'twere rather you than me;
Whichever God you're 'told off' to resemble,
The subterfuge you'll readily dissemble.

" Perhaps a Fate! the eldest I should think,
Though that old lady's petticoats ain't pink.
You've done our business very well, however,
So Gods, and Popes, and Priests allow you're clever;
Your 'get up' good, no sort of crinoline,
With skirts made tight of scarlet bombazine,

And dowagers may vainly ape your laces,
But cannot surely try to catch your graces.
I won't say why I wish you to succeed,
For candour is simplicity indeed."

Ah, see ! here comes the Cupid of the spheres,
Who like the smiling god of love appears
With radiant eye, complexion white and pink,
Brilliant as any belle at Prince's rink.
'Tis he converts the artless little sinners,
While eating blandly their weak father's dinners,
Whispering soft nonsense in their pretty ears,
To animate their hopes and work upon their fears.

In three short days, he boasts, the work is done
By him, the clever Mother Church's son ;
But pretty girls were ever his vocation,
He " catches them alive " in their vacation.
They, kneeling at his feet, at once confess
The faults he's bound in gallantry to bless.
If very young, dolls elegantly dressed,
Are by the priest on their acceptance pressed.

Dear little saints with petticoats of gold,
Made inexpensive, and by contract sold;
For saintesses long since were fond of fashion,
With women 'tis, we know, a native passion.
The figure at Lorette is no pattern,
Since time and dirt have worn her to a slattern,
Still every now and then her frock's renewed
When by some pious Monseigneur reviewed.

Next pretty books, elaborately bound,
Are on the recent pervert's table found,
A certain "garden," quite a bed of roses,
Beneath the downy pillow soon reposes.
Wedlock is hinted at for elder girls,
Crowned with a coronet of silvered pearls,
"They're known to be becoming, dearest child,"
Says Mephistopheles to Margaret mild.

Such hopes allure, the girl becomes a convert,
Assured that she is destined for some pervert,
Who must eschew a wife of his late creed,
Lest excommunication damn the deed.

The old-born Romans of the ancient church,
Dare scarcely leave a stray sheep in the lurch,
But gather her to the domestic fold,
And keep her firmly in the Church's hold.

If she be rich or noble, then the prize
Is C——'s, who at high game always flies.
By him accepted, as a Heavenly boon,
His pious titled ladies summoned soon,
Attend upon the pervert's gracious pleasure,
To make her object of their holy leisure.
The girl, perhaps, may call herself Miss Snooks,
A name not found, I think, in our red books.

But such misnomers are at once forgotten,
When to the Church a new name is begotten.
Juries of matrons now around her throng,
Declaring that she never could do wrong;
Priests high and low, nuns grey and black and white,
Extol their silly victim day and night,
Some dressed in Dominos, of sombre shade,
Neat or elaborate is the outfit made.

For converts low or poor, however pious,
We know the hierarchy are not desirous,
Those for whom life is a perpetual lent,
Have probably but little to repent.
Such add mere items to the converts' score ;
They crowd the chapels, and do nothing more.
Still stealthily they capture stray outsiders,
Not readily brought in by the rough riders.

To C—— give the rich and high-born dames,
With sounding titles, and grand ancient names ;
And if some care not for an earthly spouse,
He'll place them in a saintly prison house,
Exempting them from sins of pain or pleasure,
For which most arduous duties leave no leisure ;
While scouring floors, or cooking—lighting fires,
And other tasks the Popish Church requires,
The business of a low-born pauper drudge,
Whose destiny is one perpetual smudge.

This Church's arms we know are comprehensive,
For wives whose intellects not too extensive,

Accept the promises she makes to pay,
Of jointures due upon some far off day.
Nor are these better halves at all too dear ;
That priests provides their costumes is quite clear.
Dresses of black, just trimmed with dust and ashes,
Their food some fish, which simulates meat hashes.

And when at last the wretched victims die,
The Church inserts her finger in the pie ;
Picks out the plums, to keep them for herself,
And adds to Peter's pence the sacred pelf.
The priests assert that out of purgatory,
They'll keep such souls from being migratory
Until the proper time ; the ransom paid
According as arrangements have been made.

Should relatives be rich, the sums are large
That to the fond survivors are the charge ;
The cash once paid, the soul is free as air,
With war-love-papists everything is fair.
A pen from Angels' wings writes the acquittance,
Acknowledging the simplified remittance ;

The priest takes discount on the whole transaction,
And pockets cash with gracious satisfaction.

Besides the several privileges offered,
There are some others, not so boldly proffered ;
The misconducted husband—fickle wife,
May have their fortunes changed in later life.
Should John hate Jane, his wife long since espoused,
While recent feelings in his breast aroused
Attract him to sweet Kate, a pretty convert,
She tells him that he must become a pervert
To marry her, the priest will do the business,
And make adulteration pure and sinless.

A dispensation dearly bought at Rome,
Is not required to bring this fresh wife home.
For marriage with a heretic's not lawful,
No crime that man commits can be more awful ;
The Church against it makes a strenuous stand,
Reversing thus the laws of British Land.

So John quits Jane his lawful wedded wife,
To sin in concubinage all his life ;

No damages exacted in this court,
Nor any horrid newspaper report,
The lawyer-priests can settle the affair,
To make or mar, to separate or pair;
And Rome will teach us how to rule our wives,
The greatest difficulty of our lives.

The priests have none, and view ours in perspective,
Reserving for themselves what is prospective;
As Houris may, for anything we know,
Loom in the distance from the realms below.
Perchance, they secretly adore such beauties,
Reward well earned by accomplished duties;
We cannot guess their secret silent thought,
All else of theirs we know is freely bought.

But we forget our meeting in the sky,
To which so many souls and spirits fly;
The Cardinal now seated on his throne,
Seeming from thence to rule the world alone;
And imitating Jove's most scowling frown,
Severely looks above, around and down;

Where C—l sits serene with grace and wiles,
As if to light the world with his sweet smiles.

"I do not like it," says the saint in red,
"You seem by far too happy and well fed;
With florid face, and unctuous effulgence,
All symptomatic of undue indulgence;
You eat and drink, and are with all too jolly,
That epithet which qualifies each folly;
Nor are your manners dignified enough,
You smoke cigars instead of taking snuff."

C——l

"Old boy, you're envious of my every charm,
And view me with the most absurd alarm;
Still, notwithstanding, petticoats I'll wear,
And spite of all in scarlet hat appear,
With many trinkets, rings, and gilt gew-gaws
Enraging terribly these black jackdaws.
Old ladies of the church, I know, are jealous;
Pretending that I'm dangerously zealous,
And far too liberal with absolutions,
Preparing possibly church revolutions.

"I understand these women more than you,
What to withhold and what is but their due;
I say the British female will not fast,
A truth our priests must recognise at last;
Her sinkings daily, be assured are eight,
Beginning very early, ending very late.

"At seven she gives her corded bell a pull,
And in ten minutes more her mouth is full
Of bread and butter, toast and tea with cream,
Which go down smoothly like a waking dream;
And sharpen up her appetite for more
Of which at breakfast she lays in a store
That lasts till twelve, and then a glass of sherry,
Sends her to skate at Prince's, very merry.

"At two she's weak again from some hours' rinking,
And takes once more to eating and to drinking;
The fifth relay is that unwholesome tea,
No poison more pernicious than Bohea!
At eight, boiled chicken, her perpetual taste,
Is served up with a sauce of milky paste;

She eats a leg and wing, then begs for more,
As if that day she never ate before.

"Soon tea and coffee coming in procession,
From meats and solids, serve as a digression ;
Then—wine and water, at last introduced,
Complete the daily menu we've produced,
And floating all the half-digested food,
Act as a diluent and do some good ;
Eight sinkings now we hope are satisfied,
Perhaps, in time, they may be amplified.

"For I've invented a most chaste nose-bag,
With crosses on it, and a silver tag,
That sweet shy feeders may cram on the sly,
As private quite, as if no creature by.
Like Dr. Lynn, 'I'll shew them how 'tis done.'
Deceiving others will to them be fun,
Our females thus may eat like the Octopus,
And learn the use of pious Hocus pocus."

"All mighty well!" says M——g, "naughty boy,
Who thus with female appetites can toy ;

But overlooking youthful female's dress,
Of which assuredly they make a mess ;
Why let her prematurely wear these tights,
Or things that represent them lefts and rights ?
Our modest petticoats too closely fit,
And leave us scarcely any room to sit.

" These women try to copy our straight gown,
Which buttons tightly fastened, up and down ;
That very dress keeps us from going fast,
Whatever were our paces in time past.
Round ladies' gowns instead of braided braces,
Just try, dear boy, strong leather kicking-traces ;
But do not bandage with a surgeon's skill,
Applied here not to cure, more likely far to kill.

" They're musical, the dears, wear bugles bright !
And German bands around their waists drawn tight,
With flutings, always playing, here and there,
Which well accompany a foreign air.
No doubt, the Duke of Edinbro' to please,
Who thinks that music is not made to cease ;

And what a mass of hair upon the head!
Of which the real owner must be dead;
For hair, we know, may last for generations,
Perhaps, 'twas raised on their deceased relations.

"You're quite improper, C——l, about dress,
A practice every Churchman should repress;
But, seriously, try blinkers on these girls,
And fit them neatly underneath their curls,
They may be pink or blue, or red and gold,
To please these 'foolish virgins' some too bold!
Who fancy that all ultimate promotion,
Will be secured by their perpetual motion.

"Get goggles for the fathers where you dine,
The fools who give you plenty of good wine;
Our glasses, known to regulate the sight,
Will make them see white black, and black quite white;
Distort, enlarge, turn objects upside down,
Until a red cap's taken for a crown;
Old Fathers of the Church though we respect,
Her daughters to our taste are more select.

"The girls are caught far easier than the boys,
Who are not captured easily with toys.
Like dancing dervishes, perpetual twirl,
The boy is ever in a senseless whirl;
Still even these young giants are entrapped,
You know of some quite recently kidnapped."

The end which justifies the means is here
Anticipated boldly without fear:
To call the truant children to their home
In the paternal heart that beats at Rome;
The real father's love, quite set at nought,
And of his sad bereavement nothing thought;
Till thus abandoned in decrepid age,
He crawls unaided over life's latest stage.

Old M——g says, "Poor C——l you're not sharp,
Although by enemies, misnamed a shark;
Why can't you organize some movement,
The means, we're told, of national improvement;
Send mob excursionists with Cook to Lourdes,
Dressed up like pilgrims, staffs and water-gourds;

He'll do things cheap, the travellers must fast,
Just as our pilgrims did in times long past.

" Why not get up some miracles at home,
To swamp the foreign, paltry trade of Rome ?
Adoloratas and stigmatas here,
May be produced as well as anywhere ;
For in your convents, many girls you'll find
Quite capable of making sharp eyes blind ;
As blind as good Lord Shrewsbury's long since,
He of all righteous Catholics the prince.

" Let's try six flights of steps like those at Rome,
Our carpenters can make the same at home ;
On these the pious punishment may take,
And health for future happiness can stake.
There crawling up such stairs the whole day long,
Accompanied by bells with deep ding dong ;
The toughest knees will be excoriated,
The weakly brain become inebriated.

" Priests ! make the worst appear the better sense,
And let all men see all things through your lens,

The fools will mostly think just as you think,
And break 'twixt causes and effects the link.
We're told Biology is a new art,
As if we have not known it long by heart,
And found upon a vacillating mind,
How it will silence, stupify, and blind.

" These masons know the tricks of our old trade,
Tricks long invented, ere the world was made,
For man on man with stratagems will prey,
And persevere until the last Doomsday.
This law we utilize with wise intent,
And practise it, you know, to some extent ;
Free will, invented by the early schools,
By us is deemed the providence of fools.

" Now spiritists are poaching on our trade,
With all the insolence of men self-made ;
Our friends below as good no doubt as theirs
Could tie us neatly in selected pairs.
To sit in cupboards and accordions play,
Excluded from the searching light of day ;

We'll have displays of preternatural acts,
Subverting wholly realistic facts.

" These spiritists may prime some grinning saints
To throw our acting women into faints;
Which we must then denounce as demon's work;
The spirits who in wooden closets lurk,
Or imitate the blue-coat postman's knock,
Or pick incontinently Chubb's best lock,
Or draw most hideous things which they call pictures,
Beneath the notice of our penny strictures.

" We'll have our saints expert at tilting tables,
Or dancing chairs, or tying knotted cables.
St. Vitus is too old, the world hates age
And laughs at the experience of a sage;
So he won't do, a saint must be invented,
Like those of old, who, by the priests presented,
Was placed with honor in some church's niche,
To cure the hypochondriac's every stitch.

You're well aware, John Bull, sometimes sagacious,
Is, if deceived, unpleasantly pugnacious;

And would assuredly resent our feints,
When representing country girls as saints.
So, therefore, native talent mayn't succeed,
For here our females can't do without feed;
Though foreigners invariably are doubted
While their pretence at piety is flouted.

" The mesmerists, too, grow absurdly bold,
Taking on old hysteria a firm hold;
That malady, of our poor sex the pest,
From which most fathers, husbands know no rest;
Its fits and starts and faintings never end,
Until the wretched man is made to bend
To fancied pain, anticipated death,
Or called a tyrant with her latest breath.

" The Mesmerist sees what we cannot see,
What was, what is, and what can never be,
We priests, now, don't attempt this distant sight,
Beyond the gloom of Nature's dimmest light.
These fellows though—with mystery hand and glove,
Pretend to feel the pulse of powers above;

At last assuming that they see inside us,
Boast of a gift which is, alas ! denied us.

" They'll know your malady by locks of hair,
Of any colour black, white, red or fair,
Anatomise your lungs and probe your heart,
And then decide which is the peccant part ;
Blood-pois'ning is our doctor's latest fact,
Until some other with fresh science backed
Will be invented, telling patients why,
Of causes and effects a man must die.

" Yet Mesmerists won't specify a case,
Nor look at tongues, or count the pulse's pace,
But merely stroke you down from head to foot,
From the false chignon to the embroidered boot ;
And blow soft zephyrs, and then fan the air
Around the ladies—their especial care ;
Ladies who most exceedingly gregarious,
Frequent hot rooms where health is made precarious.

" While female spiritists dismiss the priest,
Once comfort, consolation—talk at least ;

Your doctor by the mesmerist displaced,
With all his former services disgraced,
Would act discretionally at this crisis,
To hire a guardian against vile surprises,
And make a chaperone for once of use
When flighty women try to play the deuce."

" Now, hould you bother !" cries an Irish priest,
A man, by none invited to assist;
" Faith ! if you dare attack the faymale sex,
And with such baldherdash, meself perplex ;
I'll let you know, that I'm an Omathoon,
A man, in England always called a 'spoon,'
And one in Ireland, whose heart never quiet,
Is unrepressed by landlords and low diet."

O'Shaughnessy here stood boldly erect,
To represent the Celtic Popish sect,
That knocks you down with brotherly good-will,
Hoping for patronage and pardon still.
They by the Hierarchy repressed at home,
Can't tolerate our patronage of Rome.

The way we light up greasy Roman candles,
And furbish rusty titles for brass handles.

Says Shaughnessy, " Your Pusseyites I hate,
And call their righteousness a pious chate,
For they engage themselves to act for C,
Accept his pay and do the work for B.
Them men who masquerade in silk and satins,
And (if you please) wear *deshabille* at Matins,
Playing at Popery's well-known love for dress,
Of which these imitators make a mess,
In hopes that costly gorgeous decoration
Will soon secure weak females' adoration."

In Ireland we despise their dress and pose,
That makes us sick like a bad docthor's dose ;
And as for perverts, what are they but fools,
Expressly made by nature for your tools.
Phrenologists have shewn us how their heads
Are just the shape of our own holy beads ;
Their skulls so shaped, there can be little in them,
Till crafty priests with puerile follies fill them.

Of men with intellect, the converts few,
Are often pompously passed in review.
The recreant priests, ambitious of distinctions,
Affect, but do not feel, sincere convictions;
Obscure they would have lived, obscure have died,
And, as the poet adds, "no one have cried,"
But now the Church proclaims them plated princes,
At whom an honest fellow laughs or winces.

Young men, too, like the high church for its dress,
To grow gay beards that dwindle to a tress.
One youth I know, performing in the south
About the place, I'll try to shut my mouth.
He was a likely boy, returned from school
And college, where they thought him but a fool;
His figure lithe, and slim, and very tall,
But with a head for sense a trifle small.

The parents smiled and called the boy Apollo,
Who him of Belvedere could beat quite hollow.
One hates a forward, masquerading lad,
He's often foolish, this one very mad.

Thinks I, with that young fellow I'll have fun,
And make him believe he is another sun,
I just was thinking how to execute my joke,
When at our door the boy stopped in his cloak.

" You know I am a Protestant," says he,
" And that's the reason I have come to see,
If you will give me hints about my dress,
And other things at which I only guess.
Do show me how to turn from left to right,
With dancing figures I was never bright,
And tell me, did not all the heathen gods
Require the same amount of bows and nods?"

" Of course they did," says I, " and you're Apollo,
So the great prototype, in all things follow,
Apollo's wardrobe was not very large;
He wore not even a plain suit of serge,
Therefore more modestly I pray you'll dress,
For on costumes the ladies lay great stress.
I'll shew you how to walk with ease and grace,
No jaunty step nor yet funereal pace.

" So don a cap of most peculiar fashion,
That with the females shall become a passion,
And 'set it' at them too, in hopes 'twill fit
When with hysteric ecstacies they're bit.
Your hats shall make that poor Ignatius jealous,
A hat in prospect makes us all so zealous!
When on your throne affecting state and power,
Above all lower creatures there to tower.

" You'll loud proclaim to boys and girls all,
That they must yield responsive to the call,
Of come along! come ould, come young, come fair,
Come spinster, bachelor, come married pair!
Come, open all your inmost hearts to me,
Of which the sacret core I now must see;
Describe your lives, and what you had for dinner,
I'll know it all, good folk, as I'm a sinner.

" Go on," says I, " just question, and advise,
A word is *not* sufficient for the wise;
And next he toult me of his great success,
In making simple Protestants confess.

To Tom, he said, " you've quarrelled with your wife,
For she torments and spoils all your life.
Tell me, fair Sally, of your faithless love—
Faithless to you, sweet pretty turtle dove!
Pray Dick don't say your father lives too long,
And that at sixty he is very strong;
To servants pray, then give some good advice,
A single word's enough, they are so wise.

" A cook declares her missus is a screw,
And wants her to correct the Irish stew;
St. Patrick once invented that rare mess,
Say, try more pepper, onions boiled less.
Then comes a coachman running out of breath,
Who cries ' my lady works that horse to death;
Of exercise like hers you have no notion.
Oh, Sir, do try to stop perpetual motion.'

" A lady's-maid now flounces through the crowd,
While, with a fling, she cries, ' I am not proud;
But mistress says this dress she can't abide,
And will not have it glued into my side;



I'll send her here, Sir; tell her 'tis not fair
To keep me from my bows and bran new hair.
The Church, I hear, is very fond of dress,
So on the subject you will lay some stress.'"

"'Eth'en stop,' says I, 'your story is too long,
I know it all as well as an old song.
So hould your tongue, I don't want to hear more.'
Says I impatient, looking at the door,
And then at him, for he was very taking,
And of a fine confessor just the making.
He'd bring fair penitents at once to book,
Extracting secrets with a loving look.

"And sure 'twas he had slippers of all kinds,
With patherns and with colours to all minds.
There they were, hundreds for a centipede,
Himself for more than two having no need.
Girls worked him, for cigars and watches, cases,
And purses, caps and pincushions and braces,
To pin the youth, or least-away, to stitch him,
To hem, to fell, to baste, all to bewitch him.

" I b'lieve that he engaged himself to ten,
A just proportion now there are few men.
'Tis what these curates venture every where
Until they settle down one of a pair.
I heard an ancient matron lately say
That they are always in her daughter's way,
And far more than a regiment of dragoons
Should parents dread the clerical garçoons.

" But when they sing, the faymales have no chance,
For music other charms will still enhance ;
And sure in Paris, a chap like Apollo,
If he the priestly craft would duly follow,
Might gain his fortune with a decent voice,
And in the world of fashion make a noise;
There, such a man is taught to sing like Mario
To captivate the fair, as clerical Lothario.

" A tenor voice no faymale can resist,
If the brave owner piously persist
In melting souls with soft entrancing sounds;
He needs not for conversion other grounds.

In Paris, tenors primed with airs and graces,
But having also very handsome faces,
Are dressed with millinery's latest skill,
While by the church she's paid her costly bill.

"There they like operatic heroes sing,
And equally a crowded audience bring,
When standing underneath a gilded dome
In imitation of some shrine at Rome,
They captivate the young artistic heart,
With feelings where religion has no part.
In Ireland, Sir, we're larning music now,
And if your saintship likes I'll tell you how."

"Go down," says M——g, "we want nothing Irish,
With manners very far from being stylish.
You vagrant priests may be perhaps compunctious,
With open pores, you now seem rather unctuous.
Odors of sanctity our Church have long perfumed,
But I don't want the taste to be resumed."

"Be aisy now, your Riv'rence; stop a bit;
All tastes with some good story I can fit.

You need not bel'eve all I'm about to say,
For truth may be arranged in many a way.
An Irish fact, I hear, is called a lie,
If mine ain't true, that I may never die;
'Then if I draw upon imagination,
'Tis better sure than truth with its stagnation.

"The other day Tim Grogan comes to me,
And says, 'You're just the man I wants to see.'
Says he, the scarlet favor in his face,
And flavored with the spirit of our race,
Says Tim—says he 'I wants to take a wife,
For, 'deed, I'm tired of a single life;
But I won't do it, Sir, without your bidding,
For, sure, it is yourself will make the wedding.'

"Says I to Tim, 'bedad you're very right,
These weddings pay and give a jolly night;
I'm most agreeable,' says I, 'galore,
Altho' I never heard of this afore.
'Tis I'll be with you boy, at any hour,
And join you both in the hymaneal bower;

Of that young pig you stole, I'll never spake,
Nor of some other things, no notice take.

" ' But who's the girl, Tim. Ah then ! tell her name,
Whatever 'tis, I'll bless her all the same.'
' There's two of them,' says Tim, ' and that's the bother,
If I take one I cannot take the t'other.'
' Oh, Tim,' says I, ' then sure you are a rogue
With your " come hither " and your wheedling brogue ;
Come, Tim, at once, now tell me all about it,
We'll get you out of any scrape, don't doubt it.'

" ' I'm sure your honour will, for 'tis a cow
That is my greatest botheration now.'
' A cow ! why, man, you cannot marry her.'
' Saving your presence, no—oh Lord, no, Sir !
But Biddy is the girl that I love most,
And a sweet crayture, too, without much boast ;
But Mary save us ! Sir, she has one cow,
And that's the thing that bothers me so now.

" ' For Molly Logue is not much to my taste,
Though she has two, and each a likely baste ;

That Molly is as ugly, Sir, as sin,
But not so pleasant, even with the tin.'
' Now, Master Tim, attend to what I say,
A man can't always have his wilful way,
There's not the difference of a cow atwixt two girls,
Tho' one has straight hair, and the tother curls.

" ' Before the wedding, all are much the same,
Deceiving us, and sure, to them small blame;
Do take the girl that has the extra cow,
You'll thank me later, though you may not now.'
Sirs, don't you think I gave him good advice,
And, faith, he did not wait to hear it twice,
But married the next day, and happy now,
Is all the better for that extra cow.

" And that's the way we make a happy match,
No useless presents coming in a batch
To plague our families and tax our friend,
Who thinks 'twere better that the world should end.
So as the wives are cheap, a man has more of 'em,
And Tim, I'm sure, wished he'd a score of 'em;

For nothing keeps our loving hearts so frisky,
As oceans of that same auld Irish whisky.

" There's no one for the ladies like the priest,
He's better far than any bird or beast;
And talks much nicer than a cockatoo,
Without such noise and terrible to do.
Were I a lady, I'd prefer the man,
And mostly, they secure him, if they can.
'Tis I, that manage all the women right,
Palavering, waiting on them left and right.

" Acting the doctor, monthly nurse, and saint,
And all so beautiful, as nate as paint;
While little pictures slightly blessed by me,
They're made to believe, come from the Holy See.
To pray to, and so cure their painful corns,
Which sprout on Irish feet like some one's horns;
I say they're his, that come on a wrong place,
And if not prayed for, grow upon the face,

" I tutored lately a rich only son,
And for six months, no doubt, the gauntlet run;

To keep behind him, never out of sight,
And trying to direct the fellow right.
'Me boy,' says I, 'don't think you'll have your way,
Indeed, you won't while I'm your prop and stay;
I'm paid to come atwixt you and all harm,
And show you of our Roman faith, the charm.

" 'I'll tell you how to think and how to be,
To speak, to act, to feel, to hear, to see;
And what you are, to read, to write, to say,
As well as what to do the livelong day.
And when you want to marry, I'm the man
To see a woman through, behind her fan;
To keep you safely from the parson's daughther,
A girl already guilty of manslaughther.'

" Priests hunt in couples, Sirs, as you're aware,
For one is never trusted any where;
So (if you please,) another holy man,
Beside us always rode, or walked, or ran;
This man was fat, and very short of breath,
'Twas lucky that he was not run to death.

The boy's father kept us in seclusion,
Quite safe 'twas hoped from Protestant delusion.

" And had not I great trouble with that boy,
Until he turned to a mechanic toy,
That wound up every morning with a kay,
Just with one kick went glibly for the day.
Had I myself just been that only son,
'Tis I that would have had no end of fun ;
I'd kick the priest, and that's myself you know ;
Then knock him down with a back-handed blow.

" The boy is dead at last of too much care,
' Care killed a cat,' and men it will not spare ;
His heir's Saint Appolonius now, I hear,
The man who owns the water, pure and clear ;
But now he's rich ; it's not that he will drink,
But slily throw the well into the sink.
I'm sure he's weak as water if he don't,
And no one dares to tell me that he won't."

Up starts Loyola toned with bilious yellow,
" Will any one," he cries, " knock down that fellow ?

Oh, if my stakes were ready down below,
And raging fires in a grand glorious glow,
Would I not cremate his Hibernian soul,
And quite regardless of the rise in coal;
Then with our matches, which are always lucifers,
I'd have him lighted by perverted Thurcifers."

Pope Boniface next rises with displeasure
And says "good friends, we have abundant leisure
To hear this priest, his stories may be quaint,
And Irish scenes I know how he can paint
With truth and vigour, for he's full of fun,
And after all he is our Church's son!
So let us a few minutes more bestow,
To hear what wickedness goes on below."

"Be aisy now," says Pat, "though not a wit
Your tastes with funny stories I can fit;
But do not bel'eve entirely what I say,
The English are provoking in that way,
And cannot understand a pleasant lie.
Now can your Royal Imminence say why

With all our powers of imagination
We should conceal the talents of our nation?"

Loyola growls "we don't want falsehoods here,
Just keep it for your private use elsewhere;
Still truth, we know, should not be always told,
While negatives asserted must be bold.
But, Father, I don't wish to hear your fun,
So beg and pray that you'll have shortly done;
Now do not still corrupt my holy order,
With wicked tales of clerical disorder."

Says Pat, "you're just the man to love the truth
And set a pretty pattern, too, forsooth;
With all your schemes and stratagems and art,
Infesting everything, and every part.
'Tis you don't sneak and lurk in secret places,
And leave for honest men your slimy traces,
And don't you crawl abroad so well disguised,
That you are punished if once recognised?

"And have not you your nurses, wet and dry,
That doctors' penetration can defy?

Nurses who watch the sick man's dying bed,
And then pervert whatever he has said;
So orders that his goods should go to Rome,
Regardless of all relatives at home.
Your men act women, women men as well,
Till which is which, a Christian cannot tell.

" Or if the moribond, a Protestant should be,
You haunt his bed, and there on bended knee,
Insert a wafer 'twixt his pallid lips,
Or give it in the cordial, which he sips;
Then loud proclaim his soul is gone on high,
With wings you guarantee heavenwards to fly.
You said long since, ' we won't employ a fool,'
And you are right, he is a dangerous tool;
So all your agents, thoroughly well tested,
Are by the company at last attested.

" A company it is, or conspiration
Established now, alas! in every nation;
Where individuals labelled at your price,
Are credited with virtue or with vice.

While Peerages, and red or blue books, both,
And landed gentries of inferior growth
Are rifled, till you study all about them,
And learn if their own church begin to doubt them.

"If so, an agent very soon employed,
Sees that your stratagems are well deployed;
To catch a victim in the Popish snare,
A fool, most probably, you are aware.
And Jesuits sent in all directions round
Will scent him if he be above the ground,
And set machinery infernal into motion,
Of which the Protestants have still no notion.

"I'll tell a story of their pretty pranks,
For which assuredly I'll have small thanks;
But then I am a very candid chap,
And for the Jesuits do not care a rap.
So you shall hear of my first early flame,
No doubt your own was very much the same;
A novice then, I was in every way,
Far different from meself this blessed day.

"Indeed, I was in love!" says Father Pat.
"No, no!" cries M——g, "no, we won't have that."
Pope Joan here screams, "Oh, let the man speak out,
Perhaps we'll hear of some conventual bout."
Pope John the Twelfth bows, "Ladies have the choice,
And here as everywhere, should use a voice;
Go on, good Father, truly you divert us,
And 'tis impossible you could pervert us."

"Well, Reverend Sirs, I oncet was in love,
And billed and cooed like any turtle dove;
A governess she was, not a young maid
Who lived in a small house at which I staid.
Her eyes were blue, her hair a golden red,
Of which a perfect power grew on her head,
And may be, too, her skin was somewhat swarthy;
She said her age was just past nine-and-forty.

"Her mouth looked like fresh strawberries and crame,
And sure there's nothing sweeter than that same;
Her nose full thin (I like it, very long)!
And then her teeth were beautifully strong.

I thought her lean and tall, oh ! very tall,
Meself, though fat, beside her, looking small ;
And then her voice in speaking fell so low,
That much, I feared, my hearing had got slow.

" A furriner she was, I could percaive,
In accents, you'll no Irishman decaive ;
Her English, nothing more than noes and ayes,
To which I always answered with my eyes,
Although, perhaps, they often say too much,
Unless restrained by German, French, or Dutch ;
But then, I know full well my mother's tongue,
In duty bound, as poor auld Ireland's son.

" We Celts pronounce far bether than the lot,
Of British, who say rudely, we do not.
Our accents more correct, more clear, more pure,
You have percaived it, I am very sure.
A pity Celts, in public, speak so low,
Desirous to be always sure and slow,
Till you could hear the drop of any pin,
For modesty is our besetting sin.

" I made sheep's eyes at her and stared quite kind,
Although the crayture did not seem to mind.
Sometimes, I thought, she looked upon me kindly ;
But then, you know, love always views things blindly.
So once, I really did knock at her door,
We both, you know, were living on one floor.
Oh, how my heart then galloped ' pit a pat,'
What with the love, and then what with the fat.

" Says I, ' we've called to ask about your soul,
And if you will add something to a dole,
For holy Magdalenes now kept at Rome,
A place so suitable for their last home.
' Most certainly,' says she, rather confused ;
' I should be sorry that you were refused,
Here is a franc as I've had no remittance,
I hope you will accept this shabby pittance.'

" And then I looked at her so soft and sweet,
But all the time in such a dreadful heat ;
' Oh, Miss !' says I, ' and may I be so bold
To tell you that my skirt is growing old ;

And wants a patch upon it here and there,
Indeed, might well be mended everywhere.'
'Oh, Sir,' says she, 'I'll do it with much pleasure.
And, luckily, just now, I have some leisure.'

"'My mother, Miss,' says I, 'was in the church,
A saint who left her children in the lurch;
When by the Jesuits most slily caught,
The ruin of our family was wrought.
We children of St. Francis hate the lot.'
I saw the crayture looking very hot;
'I'm sure, dear lady, that you cannot bear them,
And limb from limb, with pleasure now would tear them.'

"She smiled—I did not think so sweet to find her,
And quite confused, I cast my eyes behind her;
When, oh! ye powers! St. Pantaloon! Saint Pat!
Ye never thought I should ere witness that.
But while her head was stooped to turn, ahem,
What should I spy but a big troisième;
And Jesuit's it was, I know the cut,
Though underneath some rubbish it was put.

" A Jesuit she was ! in woman's clothes,
And well disguised with false hair and false nose ;
And all the blandishment of faymale grace,
In her fair hair and lovely painted face.
Oh ! why had she, or he, them lovely eyes ?
The thoughts of which were bursting me with sighs,
I never said a word, but darted out,
Not knowing clearly what I was about.

" Once in the open air, I raged and swore,
And wished most heartily I might do more ;
But after what I saw, it was no wonder,
That I should rave, and rant, and swear like thunder.
I ran along till people thought me mad,
Not knowing much about an Irish lad.
That woman was a man, of that no doubt,
A Jesuit, but what was she about ?
Instructing probably some heathin sinners,
Who in Church virtue were but new beginners."

Says M——g, " for a Jesuit, 'twas not sharp,
At his intentions, still 'tis wrong to carp,

Or his sad failure rashly to decry,
Which was precipitated by this spy!
Who's really not a man that we should hear,
Without precautions of religious fear;
He proves that we must keep the Irish down,
Or they'll imperil our old papal crown."

But Friar Pat was not to be put down
By the hierarchal fulminating frown,
So jerking tight the cord around his waist,
He seemed for manual contest in great haste;
And spreading out his mouth's most Irish smile,
And winking with his little eyes the while,
You saw that while pretending all was right,
His tastes might urge him to a Christian fight.

Says he, "you'll like to hear how I was born,
Upon a blessed day—St. Patrick's morn.
My grandmother she toult me all this tale,
A woman then at ninety, mighty hale.
My father was—indeed, I can't say what,
But, rest his soul, perhaps 'tis better not.

My mother, then a likely girl, 'twas said,
Soon turned my silly father's poor old head;
She came, I know, from some place in Kilkenny,
Where no girl naturally has one penny.

"Poor Father Lainy made his living how?
The way I really can't remember now;
I know it was about the rocks and hills,
And some way, too, perhaps, with fires and stills.
One night, 'twas thought he fell into the say,
For never did he get on the right way;
Then mother roared and crossed, and tore her hair,
Which all the garçoons said was long and fair.

"Poor father's body never could be found,
Although they scoured the country all around;
Then many chaps came courting to the house,
Where mother lived as quiet as a mouse.
Till Micky Shea, danced with her at a wake,
He was my father's friend, she took him for his sake;
And soon they married, and were happy very,
When all except the rivals were quite merry.

" A fortnight later, 'twas a darksome night,
When of yourself you could not get a sight;
The wind so high, it drifted hail and rain,
Then thunder, light'ning followed in their train.
And Mrs. Shea woke up out of a sleep,
To feel her nerves and flesh all of a creep;
For there beside the thunder all around,
A wail she heard, with a mysterious sound.

" 'Oh, Nelly,' says the voice, 'do let me in!
To keep me out this night, is quite a sin;
Your husband darling, here I am come home,
And from the rain and cold just turned to stone.'
He moaned and with a voice so hoarse and big,
That Mickey cried, 'I'm sure 'tis that ould pig,
Who kept on grunting from the market here,
And at the public halted for some beer.'

" 'Oh, Nelly, Nelly, do let in your Larry!
The man you always tried so hard to marry.
Oh give me something, darlin', strong and hot,
Of whiskey, or of tay, I dun't care what.'

But Nelly frightened, shivered as she sat,
And trembling, cried, 'Oh, Micky, what is that?'
And Micky, it appears was deaf and old,
Always pretending he had a fresh cold.

"Then Larry knocked, and loudly at the door,
When Mick and Nelly sat on the ground floor;
With not a creature near but that big pig,
Who liking the loud noise began a jig
And grunted, too, and frightened Nelly more,
While Mick, beside her, broke into a snore.
'Oh, Lord! oh, Lord,' cries Nelly, screaming out;
'Oh, Larry dear, what can you be about?'

"'Go home to glory, there's a darling dear,
And don't stay here to kill me with the fear;
Go to the grave, there, near you in the say,
I'll see you, honey, at the latter day.
Go anywhere, but, Larry, not *too* near,
You were a fidget always, you know, dear,
And ever kept me in a mighty flurry,
But I shan't mind, tho' now you're in a hurry.'

" Mick tried to speak, 'whist! whist !' says Nelly, 'whist,'
And then she thumped old Micky with her fist ;
Says she, 'oh, Micky, 'tis poor Larry's ghost
Druv up here wid the storm from off the coast.'
And Micky shook and shivered in his skin ;
For he had little else, being mighty thin,
But getting up, he crept beneath the table
And tried to hide his head if he were able.

" The lightning flashed, and still the thunder roared ;
And many were the losses soon deplored,
When ships along that lowly rocky shore,
Sunk with their crews, and ne'er were heard of more.
And Larry's ghost had gone back to his grave,
As 'twas supposed beneath some heaving wave,
But Nelly listened all the livelong night,
Dreading that she at last should die of fright.

" Meanwhile poor Larry, wretched, cold, and ill ;
Yet bearing to his wife no great ill will ;
Went quietly to sleep with that old pig,
Who in his stye himself so fat and big.



Afforded scanty room, yet he was warm,
And did not seem to feel the least alarm
When Larry laid beside him, fell asleep,
From being powerless awake to keep.

" Day broke. The priest was summoned by a boy,
Who leaped and jumped and kicked about for joy
To think that he should see a spirit laid,
All done quite handsome, and the priest well paid.
A ha'penny too, he probably would get,
And with the thought, still faster off he set.
The priest, soon up, was in five minutes ready,
While fearing that the bridegroom was not steady.
That priest was seventh cousin to my mother
By the pariental side all through her brother.

" Says he, ' Come tell me what's this hullabaloo,
Why at my door you make such a to do !'
Says Bill, (it was the name of that garçoon)
' Your Rev'rence, sure, will know the story soon
From Mick O'Shea, if he's not dead of fright,
Through all his troubles the last blessed night.

'Deed, Sir, they say a spirit came at ten,
Was seen, I hear say, by two drunken men,

And riding on a horse as they went by,
He stopt and all at once, before the stye,
Where Micky put the pig he bought last week,
A big baste, too, and fat and very sleek.
I see that pig had something in his eye,
And did not like the road that Mick come by;
Sure with that pig there's neither luck nor grace,
For there is something queer about his face.

" Mick did not say the road he thought to go,
Or, certainly, the pig would have said no;
But bawled out loud it was the way to Cork,
A place the pig knew well, was famed for pork.
So then he turned about towards Micky's house,
And trotted on as quiet as a mouse,
Till he began to run out by and bye,
And never stopped till close upon the stye.

" Sure,' says the preist, ' I'll get that spirit down
From his high horse. I'll do it for a crown.



Oh, Sally! come down stairs at once galore,
I never knew you sleep so long afore.
Make haste to bring my hat, and stick, and cloak,
The rain, I dare say, through the whole will soak,
And, Sally, faith you're growing old and slow,
So now in future you must sleep below.'

" Her eyes unbuttoned, this old servant maid
Appeared half dressed, for she was badly paid.
' Oh, Sally girl, there's wather in a jug
In the next room, pray put it in the mug.
For sure there's sperrits up at Micky's place,
Sperrits that I must now most boldly face.
For holy water turns them sperrits wake,
If I were them 'tis little I would take.'

" ' Oh, Sir,' says Sally, ' storms makes me so dry
Without a drink of water, I should die.
So, Sir, last night I took it in one drink,
Nor that you'd want it, did I ever think.
Now you can bless what's here, so nice and hot,
Unless you'd like it from the watering pot.'

'Oh, girl! I blessed that water jug last night,
And now I'll ask you if you had a right

" 'To use such water in a careless way,
For which I must absolve you this same day.
'Twere better an emetic now to take,
Or else you'll go to sleep and never wake;
This morning how you slept, and now look ill
So that, I think, you'd better take a pill.
But, Sally, what you did may bring perdition,
I've read of such results in old tradition.'

" The priest now started with his boyish guide,
Who laughing, gabbled gaily at his side,
Some holy water bottled in his pocket
On which he never thought to put a docket.
When they came up to Micky's on the moor,
A crowd of peasants stood before the door,
And Nelly there was roaring quite like mad,
And Mick beside her looking somewhat sad.

" 'The pig! the pig! oh, how he moans,' cried Mick,
And holding in his hand a powerful stick.

'The sperrit's in him, for he never stops,
'Tis only when he's grunting his voice drops.
Oh! whisper, Sir, we must not speak so loud,
For Larry, in the beast, would hear, no doubt.
Your Reverence, we've fastened up the door
Until you come, 'twas best to do no more.'

"The priest cries 'silence! will you hold your tongues,
These wicked clappers of all women's lungs,
I want to hear. Oh! do be quiet now;
If possible just stop your Irish row.
Come, take the rubbish from that door away,
The stones, and that old cart which holds the hay,
For really there are curious sounds like groans,
Not from the pig, but more like human moans.'

"The priest bewildered, now looked all around
Still list'ning to the groans most piteous sound;
And then of holy miracles he thought,
And why should not one here, perhaps, be wrought.
A sperrit sure spoke from that haunted place,
And never could there be a clearer case.

Here was a means of gaining pious fame
By adding to the Calendar his holy name.

" Says he, ' my friends, raise up your hearts and eyes,
The art of miracles sure never dies
Until the world is at its latest close,
What things may happen no one ever knows.
Now truly 'tis to us a blessed day
For through the storm there comes a silver ray,
Which shows us how to make an honest penny ;
Indeed I hope 'twill light us up to many.

" ' Kneel down, good people, kneel and bate your breasts
According to the clearest of behests.
Get out your bades, I hope you have them here,
For with them bades there's nothing you need fear.
Sure they were used before the world could read,
A thing indeed of which I see no need,
But kneel and moan and bate your breast again,
Until you hear that pig there make a hem !'

" And here the faymales all began to cry,
While others kicking on the ground would lie

In wild hystericks, grunting like that pig,
And trying with their heels big holes to dig
In the black mud, there, just afore the stye,
As if in hopes of making a mud pie;
Still screaming all the while ahone! ahone!
The feminine you know of Irish moan.

"'Now,' says his Reverence, 'we have prayed enough,'
While from a rag, he took a pinch of snuff.
'His spiritship, I think, is now more quiet,
And pleased, perhaps, with all this pious riot.
So in procession, now, you'll follow me,
And then, no doubt, a glorious sight you'll see.
Oh! we must have a banner, get a sheet,
Just anyone you have, but something neat.

"Of course there was no sheet in that poor place,
To all the neighbouring houses a disgrace;
But blankets for a substitute were found,
And round a stick with straw, one soon was bound.
'There's nothing like processions,' says the priest,
While looking at his flag so badly pieced.

'They'll cure all your disorders and the hiccups,
The consequences of our own Irish kickups.'

"For incense, then, they got a piece of peat,
Most troublesome to carry from its heat;
Then—lucifers in Ireland were not known,
The way of lighting fires was quite their own.
A broken saucer for the peat was brought,
And it was green, so beautiful! they thought.
Then off they marched all round about the house,
And singing aloud as if 'twas a carouse.

"While one exhaled a most vociferous moan,
Another bellowed a deep base ahone!
The rest more cheerfully took their own way,
To strike out lustily St. Patrick's day.
The priest of course sang in his nasal groan,
Just in the way that curates now intone;
Our friend the boy, brought up with hip-hurrah,
Quite in a style unsuited to the day.

"Of candles there were four, the thinnest dips,
Of which we know the greasy noisome drips;

Potatoes were the candlesticks, but raw,
Held in poor Ireland's very reddest paw.
Our priest, I quite forgot to add, was dressed
In cloaks, which on his portly back were pressed;
And they were red, such as the Irish wear,
But bearing marks of many a vicious tear.

" Thrice did they circle round, and round, and round,
With muddy feet, on the wet dirty ground.
And how that boy did grin, and push, and kick,
Quite proud of being cousin to old Mick.
Behind his back, however, he made faces,
While of the priest he mimicked all the paces,
Who cursed that wicked boy within his heart,
While acting ably his religious part.

" Was he not proud? they said, just like the Pope,
But might have been the better for soft soap;
And then he stopped to bless the crowd around,
His air so grand; they kneeling on the ground.
And next he said, 'Dan Grogan you're the man,
The best in all these parts is this same Dan,

So he shall be the first to enter there,
With his good character it is but fair.

"'Come, Dan, I'll bless you with this holy wather,
And you, too, if you can, do say a Pather,
A glorious thing 'twill be, a saint to catch,
The stye is low, just stoop below the thatch,
And bring him out, but gently and with care
While here all friends yourself will loudly cheer,
That sainted man may be your patron yet,
And help, perhaps, to get us out of debt.'

"Says Dan, 'I thank your Riv'rence, very kind,
But, Sir, perhaps your honor will not mind,
If I can't do the thing at all, at all;
For 'tis a ghost to which I have no call.
There's Jerry here, much younger, as you know,
A man who'd knock you down, Sir, with a blow;
Then he's a butcher, Sir, up in the town,
And kills a baste by tapping on his crown.'

"'No! no!' says Jerry, 'I'm wake for want of drink,
And feel of fainting now upon the brink;

For all the whisky here is just concailed
About Mick's person, sure he's always nailed,
To every little bottle that he comes agin,
It may be Hollands, or it may be gin,
And more's the pity surely, for that pig
Would be the better for a wholesome swig.'

" 'Thus all the men refused, their wives said no,
The priest soon found affairs were growing slow ;
When who should rush up but the vicious boy,
His face, all said, 'shone out' with heavenly joy ;
Says he 'your Riv'rence, Sir, I know that ghost,
And care for him no more than for the post ;
I'll do the job for sixpence, if you please,
And bring the fellow out upon his knees.'

" 'No—violent you must not be, my child,
But on the contrary, exceeding mild ;
That ghost will probably turn out a saint,
For something human, I decide he ain't.
Just ask him riv'rently to walk outside,
But open first the wooden door quite wide ;

And here of holy water have a drop,
'Gainst every difficulty 'tis a prop.'

"So Billy pushed the door now of that stye,
Which would not open, no one could tell why;
The women fell to 'sterricks' worse than ever,
Declaring that they'd not recover—never!
While Bill through the low door dragged something out
At which, oh, Moses! was there not a shout.
He pulled the leg out of a human crayture,
But naked as 'twas made by mother nature.

"'Oh, thin! 'tis a dead man,' shrieked all the people
With voices you could hear at the next steeple;
'Tug harder, Bill, the legs must have a head,'
And he pulled out a man who seemed quite dead.
While now the rest, ashamed of their late fear,
Came slowly on until the corpse quite near;
But frightened though they were, they could but carry
Out on the road their old acquaintance Larry.

"Within the stye, the boy's knocked on the crown,
While something else kept running up and down.

'Oh, hould me,' says the boy, 'for mercy's sake!
Or else this horrid thing my bones will break.'
Then came a moan with such a human squeak,
You'd hear it in the middle of next week.
Five women, near the stye, all fell together,
The priest, you could have knocked down with a feather.

"The men here dragged the howling women off,
From where they stumbled on an empty trough;
The poor pig squealed as though he'd break his heart,
Or neck, or head, or any other part.
The boy, and man, and pig, were all now fighting,
The latter too, at last, had got to biting.
Men tumbling over women, all pell mell,
Of course, small children scrambling there as well.

"And Larry still kept working in a fit,
For nothing that they did, helped him a bit,
Till afterwards, he felt not quite so bad
As that poor kicked and sadly bitten lad,
Who was quite black and blue and red all over,
While the old pig got badly bruised moreover;

And Larry sat up straight just like himself,
And cries, ' my darlint, here I am meself!

" ' 'Tis I fell down a pit, kilt by a pole,
That broke my head into a great big hole.
Good people there I found were mighty kind,
For weeks meself was quite entirely blind ;
And all the time 'twas thinking, dear, of you
I was, with nothing else at all to do.
Oh Micky here ! the oldest friend in life,
Now I'm come home we'll get the boy a wife.

" ' But, Nelly, jew'l, I see you're looking queer ;
There, take her hand, Mick, make her just come here.'
And Micky, shy, soon got out of the way,
While all the others knew not what to say.
That night, sure, 'twas a very fine kick up,
When many lies were swallowed bit and sup ;
But Micky grew quite happy soon when drunk,
Although before his spirits had so sunk.

" ' Don't question me at all,' says Father Mat,
A twirling round and round his old black hat.

'Larry, she took poor Micky for your sake,
Got up a wedding as there was no wake.
And now another wedding and a jig!
And sure for supper, won't we eat that pig?

"'You get into a convent, Micky dear,
And for your soul, I'll pray, you needn't fear;
Being always such a pious little man,
You'll settle in that convent if you can.
Franciscans mayn't in England run about,
Or Protestants would make a righteous rout.
The wedding is when you can say good-bye,
But you must take good care we do not cry.'

"Ah, soon the marriage feast was very fine,
For all who had no breakfast came to dine;
And such a leg of pork you never saw,
Big pettitoes, then salted cheek and jaw;
The loin stuffed with onions and with sage,
Of which the boy ate plenty, I'll engage.
'This is a silver wedding,' says the priest,
'For money must be spent on such a feast.'

"Poor Micky, quite as happy as a king,
Saw Nelly newly married with the ring
That he had bought, to use the time before,
But that mistake was never mentioned more.
Old Micky, made a friar of La Trappe,
Pleased all the saints by leaving off his cap;
And further dug a grave before his time,
For the poor fellow was long past his prime.

"That pig deceased, that troublesome ould pig,
Within the company danced many a jig;
Nor did he leave them more, the livelong night
Inside them keeping up an Irish fight.
And most unpleasant was he towards the boy,
Who found that even pork itself could cloy;
Next day the company not quite so happy,
Felt rather queer, and very sick and nappy.

"Well, two years after that meself was born,
And, as I said before, on Patrick's morn.
I don't remember the affair at all,
Nor how I felt, can I just now recall.

Some company came sitting round the bed
Where mother lay, as white as I was red;
'Twas christened then I was, by our good priest,
Who gave me of his whisky just a taste.

"Of course, I was exceeding like a babby,
My head stuck on with something very flabby;
And grandmother has told me that my nose
Was just the sort that everybody knows;
A bit of gristle very red and moist,
The kind of thing in which all babes rejoice,
My mouth, but a long slit from ear to ear,
You'd almost think would reach from year to year.

"Then on my head there grew most curious stuff,
My granny said, quite like black mouldy snuff;
And father's waistcoat was the dress I wore,
Kept later for such purposes in store;
'Twas tied about me with a wisp of straw,
A sash which very soon I tried to gnaw.
My mother, darlint! thought me a great beauty;
The women said so, 'tis their bounden duty.

" The pig being gone, they put me in his stye,
For company was coming by and bye.
Is this the world, thinks I, it is not nice,
Before he's born, a babby should think twice ;
For straws were sticking into my right eye,
And how to clutch them, 'twas in vain to try.
I'll howl, thinks I, until they take them out,
For in this way, I'll not be put about.

" Oh, how I howled, and shrieked, and roared, and bawled,
As merely crying it could not be called ;
I chewed the buckle of my father's dress,
Which made me yell much louder, you may guess ;
I just had guv my eye a vicious dig,
When through the door walked in a little pig.
I hear that for a present it was brought,
The gift supposed to be 'a happy thought.'

" Oh, Lord, says I, that's surely not my twin,
I do not want a pig for next of kin ;
And then he acted like an elder son,
Who sitting on a brother, takes his fun.

I saw the wretch was but a little bore,
Still hating this new brother more and more,
Who'd bring me such a drove of new relations,
To claim me in all places and all stations.

"The fellow, then, my face began to lick,
For which I gave him a fraternal kick;
And hollowing and roaring worse than ever,
The like that porker never heard, oh never!
Till all the people came on with a rush,
And thrust into the stye a great big brush;
My granny shrieking, 'was it not sore cruel
To lodge that pig along with my own jew'l!'

"'The wicked boy has put him in the stye,
Although he heard my precious babby cry.'
And now pretending it was a mistake,
He tried to get the pig out with a rake,
And hurt me with the prongs upon my nose,
Avoiding still that pig though lying close.
Pretending then all other means would fail,
He dragged the little wretch out by the tail.

" And that's the memoirs of my youth entire,
All true, for I was never thought a liar.
Of course, I soon grew up a pretty boy,
Not with a forehead like a German toy,
But with a face, round, smooth, and very full,
A lovely voice, loud as an Irish bull.
That priest, good craythur, paid for me at school,
Where I soon studied everything by rule
And mastered all that man can ever know,
For although bashful, never was I slow.

" 'Twas I got wonderfully on through life,
Unlike my countrymen, avoiding strife.
I never to my friends said black was white
But made each believe that he alone was right.
Opinions are most dangerous things to use,
When asked for any, make some neat excuse;
For though the church, you know, permits some lies,
Still silence both disarms us and defies.

" Tho' poor, I felt for wealth a great desire,
Not having it, (I'm a Franciscan friar).

Like locusts, on industrious men we live,
And doing nothing, cry 'give, give, oh, give!'
The Jesuits so rich, of course, we hate,
Though jealousy our faith does not abate;
So I have told you very much about them,
And now advise you evermore to doubt them."

O'Shaughnessy sat down with some applause,
Which was not general at all, because
He told the truth, which no one likes to hear,
We love it certainly less, than we fear.
The gods were those who loudly clapped their hands,
Offending serious men with muslin bands;
Some were alive and some were dead, you know,
And some arisen from the shades below.

Says M——g "Gods can't tire but I'm quite done!
For in his Irish nonsense there's no fun;
So let us pray adjourn for a season,
To feast on flights of fowl, and game in season.
Not fasting now, of course, on pampered fishes,
Tho' cooked religiously in varied dishes;

Wholesome variety from luscious food,
Both for digestion and for penance good;
We'll eat as much as ever we can hold,
Of viands hot, and novel entrées, cold.

"Now, friends, suppose we meet some day next week,
Good council in a multitude to seek;
So heathen gods and saintly holy sinners,
'Tis well that we prepare to eat our dinners.
And C——l keep us not in troubled waters
By interference with men's silly daughters,
Or else I'll make you Reverend Duenna
To wield the paints, the hair, the pins and henna.

"Lignoris is the day I have selected,
The saint so lately by our church elected;
Though he the secrets of our priests exposed,
And many things which should not be disclosed.
'Tis true, in Latin he was first concealed,
Till in translations impiously revealed;
Pray read him, fathers, ere we meet again,
And recognise the holiest of men.

" His book entitled 'The Confessional,'
Intended but for the professional;
Was to the wicked world at last revealed,
No secrets of the priest at all concealed.
Societies, suppressors of low vice
Condemned the book as viciously concise.
When suddenly the priests loudly disclaimed it
While Protestants as infamous proclaimed it."

The Congress met on the appointed day,
And few if any members staid away.
Spectators, too, now thronged there in a crowd,
Of which great Jove had reason to be proud.
He did not loll on clouds, the "sky's Lord Mayor,"
But on what's said to be St. Peter's chair;
And many gods who had not shewn before,
Came down in flocks and crowded more and more.

Great Mars appeared with helmet, shield and spear,
A sight occasioning superfluous fear.
Of course, St. Patrick swaggered "to the fore,"
And with that air we all have seen before.

While ladies also swelled the rushing throng,
To shew how wrong is right, and right is wrong.
Emancipation being now their cry,
Tho' Nature says there is no reason why.
Poor husbands must in future act the nurse,
And leave their wives to hold the nation's purse,
While babes, should they by chance escape starvation,
May still be washed in time of prorogation.

The goddesses wore petticoats, but thin,
Which looked less like pink gauze than human skin;
We know these skirts made fashionably tight,
That shock the feelings and offend the sight.
Friend Wally now appeared with all the rest,
Earl Dartmore's portrait pendant on his breast.
Of Christendom that new eighth champion Wally,
Who tilts a lance at Popish vice and folly.

These goddesses were easy in their ways,
Disdaining the restaints of straps or stays.
While some, 'tis said, whose manners very mild,
Contrast with our society's spoilt child.

That girl who feels no rev'rence for a mother,
And calls each duty, and each feeling "bother,"
Who thinks of nothing but her own amusement,
And seeks it in the restlessness of movement,

Young mothers brought their noisy children there,
Where are they not? oh, tell me where! oh, where!
The little creatures with immoral legs
That nine pin stockings dress like wooden pegs;
And scanty frocks which end above the knees,
Till the contour of these one freely sees.
Their loving mothers like to shew the most of 'em,
Drest as they are, one wonders at the boast of 'em.

Why are their limbs so recklessly thus shown?
Till by the cold they're nearly turned to stone;
Such queer immodest carelessness and ease,
Were not what formerly our taste could please.
And habits thus acquired must blunt all shame,
Till when the girl grows up, she'll do the same;
Most probably invest a Scottish kilt,
Nor see in such exposure any guilt.

Affecting to be shocked by ballet dances,
We do not notice how our own girl prances,
Her legs exposed, somewhere above the knee,
She kicks about with limbs and fancy free.
Years since, the ankle limited our view,
So that this naked fashion is quite new ;
I wonder that the Chamberlain permit it,
And hope, at Court, he never will admit it.

On boys' legs, the ruddy mottled bloom
Which mothers love, foretells the later doom
Of those whose circulation stagnates there,
Instead of flowing freely everywhere.
For subject thus to most precarious heat,
The doctors now reliably repeat ;
That seeds are sown of probable consumption,
Foretold by their professional injunction.

The priests appeared in their best gala dress,
Regardless of expense made quite express,
Of gold and silver all set off with brass,
And blent together in a gorgeous mass.

That girl who feels no rev'rence for a mother,
And calls each duty, and each feeling "bother,"
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Regardless of expense made quite express,
Of gold and silver all set off with brass,
And blent together in a gorgeous mass.

Hence yellow, lilac, pink, blue, red, and green,
Were there in various contrasts to be seen.
The fashion of the whole had come from France,
What any one could see at the first glance.

And had they not fine banners like a play?
Such gorgeous things you don't meet every day.
Cecilia played the viol, Pan the pipe,
Vertumnus warbled sweetly "Cherry ripe;"
While Highland saints allowed to rasp the fiddle,
Left their performance something of a riddle.
St. Patrick wished "to touch" the Irish lyre,
But his old harp the rest did not admire.

This saint looked viciously at Father Jove;
Between the saints and gods there's not much love,
And then he gave his stick a frantic whirl,
You've seen no doubt before that Irish twirl;
Then saying with a rich Hibernian brogue,
"You call each honest Irishman a rogue,
And giving him a villanous bad name,
He's treated to the proceeds of that same.

" Now, why can't you let Father Pat alone?
A dacent boy that any one might own.
You'd scarcely have the crayture say a word,
And when 'twas spoke he was not fairly heard.
The Cardinal cum down upon him sore,
And if the truth were told, I'm sure he swore.
O'Shaughnessy's my godson, do you hear?
And popes and saints and goddesses shan't fear.

" Just look at him and hear his noble voice;
But when he speaks you'll have no other choice,
For none have a grand organ like his own,
Nor play a trumpet with a better tone.
His Irish heart you'll find in the right place,
Its index well displayed in that kind face;
So now a Cardinal O'Shaughnessy shall be,
And I defy you all to hinder me!

" Approach! kneel down, your Imminence Lord Pat,
Assume at once the shelter of this hat,
And here are petticoats, and scarves, and cloaks,
With everything to please the silly folks,

Who curtsey to the right, bow to the left,
And seem of common sense almost bereft;
Those who think millinery makes the man,
Far better than the holy spirit can.

"Come, cheer the Cardinal, and bless his hat,
Which well becomes my godson, Reverend Pat."
Then shouts respond, and Jove himself applauds,
While Pope Joan smiles, and every body lauds
The choice the saint has made of Father Pat,
Who now puts on his head the broad-brimmed hat;
And kettle drums resound from the big case,
And organs peal, and thunder plays the base.

Hush! vocal music pierces through the sound
Of all the instruments that pipe and pound;
For M——g sings with C——l a duet,
Which C——n will not change to a terzette.
One voice most certainly, is thin and squeaky,
What hopeful Protestants consider shaky.
Lo! Music of the spheres, joins in the quire,
To what will not a Cardinal aspire!

St. Francis looked, perhaps, somewhat ashamed,
That his own friar to dignity be named,
Was this the object of their holy vow?
To let the world in adoration bow
Around some scarlet stuff upon a head;
In this did they obey the sacred dead?
Who lived and died in poverty and pain,
No strife for dignity, no wish for gain!

Old William Tell despised a pompous hat,
And would he not have loudly scoffed at that?
Assumed by men pretending to be meek,
And careless of the honors others seek;
A thing to crown assumption, patent vice,
Perhaps of many secret sins the price,
To stultify the people—rule the state!
A symbol of all priestly hopes of late.

"Faith! here I am again," cries radiant Pat,
In golden garments looking rather fat,

"I want to tell you what I hope to do,
This to a few, but not to all of you,
I mean to keep them Jesuit fellows down,
Beneath the shadow of my potent frown,
I'll have what Pascal wrote of all that band,*
Bound in morocco missals for the hand.

"Two hundred years ago he shewed the way,
They are pursuing furtively to-day,
Their stratagems and quibbles, quips, and cranks,
More privately, we hear of other pranks.
Like moles, they're always working unther ground,
And when we would secure them, niver found,
How bitterly meself does hate the lot,
The very thoughts of them will make me hot.

"'Tis best to fight it out, a stand-up fight,
In which the powerful will get their right;
I'll knock ten Jesuits down with this big stick,
And when they're down give everyone a lick.

* "Lettres Provinciales."

Come on ! hurroo ! there's nothing like a row ;
Don't lose no time—faith ! we'll begin it now.
St. Patrick come and lend your powerful arm,
The blow is strongest when the heart is warm."

So then the fight began, and such a row
Was never in Olympus seen till now ;
The Puseyites, the Ritualists, the Priest
Of Irish rioters, was not the least.
So active were the Jesuits, in their way,
That once 'twas thought they might have won the day.
Then came the fellows with their own home rules,
Relying on the providence of fools.

The fray went on with many a broken head,
And others Father Pat had kilt quite dead.
Victorious on a rainbow he was placed,
Which looked more variegated when thus graced
He strode it like a horse, with a fine seat,
And 'twas as it appeared, no trifling feat,
For 'tis so difficult to ride a bow,
Equestrians don't attempt it here below.

And did he not look splendid in that hat!
So jauntily upon one side it sat,
While nodding, smiling, ogling all around,
A better specimen could not be found
Of our own Irish priest, the active crayture,
A gift to pious mortals of kind nature
Who wished that he a peace-maker might be,
And with that great success which we all see.

The night soon ended in a banquet fête,
At which our Cardinal appeared in state,
By one long famed for suppers it was made
Successful—but Lucretia shan't be named.
Her papal family were all invited,
The poisoners, the murdered, and indicted;
For Cardinals had sent each invitation,
With priestly prejudiced organization.

"Hip! hip hurrah!" cries out our own Prince Pat,
While waving in the air his scarlet hat,
"Long life to Ireland may she never die!'
She won't, while you keep up a hue and cry,

For Ireland onct the cradle of the world,
Long, long before the sun around it twirled;
'Twas she created patriots and the priest,
Of ancient social evils not the least.

Up rose the splendid rainbow in the sky,
It seemed fast through empyrean to fly,
And Father Pat, soon lost to mortal sight,
In other hemispheres pursued his flight.
Old M——g now may tell us where he's gone,
Himself rejoiced that Paddy's course is done.
I think one hears his voice still from the cloud,
When thunder sounds particularly loud.

HER THREE HUSBANDS.

A TRUE STORY TOLD IN JEST.



Part I.

IN a small house at Camden Town,
With blinds dark green, and door light brown;
Lived a nice widow, Mrs. Bright,
Whose husband would have been a knight
Had death not taken him away
Before the Queen had fixed a day
To honor him. This little wife
Was not the blessing of his life;
Nor he of hers, for being cross,
He plagued her if he had a loss
In speculation, or the trade
By which an income he had made.

But rheumatism in the head,
Relieved them both, when he was dead.
Soon she consoled herself with books,
Great solace when one wants good looks ;

Hers certainly were not first-rate,
Besides being somewhat out of date.
Then she was blue, because well read,
From studying half the night, 'twas said,
Old books to her, still always new,
For she remembered very few
Of those that previously she read,
They were so jumbled in her head.

All travels, voyages, and tours,
Bye-paths and wanderings, and detours,
Were lately her delight ;
And Quixote gave her many a fright,
When he, engaged with some strange fray
Was always sure to lose the day.

And how she'd talk of Brobdignag !
Describing its affairs to Snag,

Her servant, confidant, and friend,
And faithful to the latest end.
Of those whose writings she had read,
None charmed her like Sir Francis Head.
His German tour had pleased so much,
That she resolved to compass such,
And see the ancient Fatherland,
Become so powerfully grand ;
Its spas, these " meetings of the waters,"
Resort of mothers and of daughters,
Who rush there crowding in a batch,
Expecting to make a good match.

They nothing knew of our great Cooks,
Nor of the very wondrous books
That Murray writes, which here and there
Despatch us, till we don't know where
We are to go, or where to stay,
Or if we're going the wrong way.
When people travelled 'twas not far,
Nor in a rapid Pulman's car.
Nor did distaste for their old home,
Propel the restless on to Rome.

'Twas on a dreary Sunday night,
Rain came in torrents down
That street where lived our Mrs. Bright,
The best in Camden Town.
And she sat there at six to tea,
Her thoughts all on the Rhine;
While of a tour in Germany,
Still studying every line.

Though Snag had brought the kettle up
Her mistress heeded not;
The tea remained within the cup,
The water in the pot.

"It must be so," at last she cried.
"Bessy, we'll start and soon.
Perhaps the weather will be dried,
And changed with the new moon.
The next day you'll be ready Bess,
We'll visit Rotterdam."
"Oh, goodness gracious me!" says Bess,
"And who is she pray, Ma'am?"

"I hope she's not at Who-is-him,
The clever hosses mother,
Who treated Captain Gulliver
As if he were a brother."
"You silly thing," cries Mrs. Bright,
"We're going up the Rhine,
Famed for its picturesque delights
Of castles, woods, and wine."

But Bessy Snag was so amazed,
She quite forgot the kettle,
And let the teapot drop quite dazed,
Before her thoughts could settle.

The sun and Mrs. Bright arose
On Sunday both together,
And she was dull, and hot and close,
And heavy as the weather.

At ten a coach came quite prepared
To take her to the ship,
While Bessy cried, with terror scared

At thoughts of that dread ship.
" They'll launch us to eternity,
Of that I feel quite sartin,
For all them books my missus reads,
Was wrote by Betty Martin."

So Bess was most uneasy,
And the coach was even more,
The air grew dark and wheezy,
While rain began to pour.
Now Mrs. Bright had many trunks,
At least of large ones four ;
With packages and little things,
Of which were many more.

And worse than these, there was a cat,
She loved quite like a child ;
The very thoughts of leaving that
Had nearly set her wild.
So Bob was crammed in a hat box
To make him seem genteel ;
His look, like things with this pretence,
Being better than his feel.

The boxes and the load were such
And evidently stronger,
Than the old coach which rattled much,
And would not bear them longer.
That down it came in such a mess,
And there they all lay sprawling,
And Mrs. Bright and Bob and Bess,
For help kept loudly bawling.

At last, but after much delay,
Our party reached the ship,
Where sailors bellowed hoy ! belay !
" You're too late for the ship,
She's off, Lord bless you, hours ago.
But if you wants a sail,
I'll take you down in a nice row
To Greenwich without fail."

" Don't mind him, Ma'am," cries a stout male.
" His boat is old and bad ;
In mine you'll have the nicest sail
That woman ever had."

"But where's the ship? the Batavier?"
"Lor, Ma'am, she's half way over,
But in an hour the Chanticlier
Will take you straight to Dover."

"Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!" cries Mrs. Bright;
And Bess her hands kept wringing,
Exclaiming, "of our dread and fright
This is but the beginning.
Our passage paid, and my large box
Was sent here yesterday."
"Then, ma'am, the thing is quite a hoax,
Them trunks is sent away.'

Four days from thence our widow Bright
Arose before the lark,
Or rather set up all the night,
The sooner to embark,
And every soul on board was sick,
But none so ill as Bob;
And Bessy to take care of him,
Found it no easy job.

To cheer, and keep her spirits up,
And keep his dinner down,
Was a hard task that made her long
For quiet Camden Town.
The winds now rage, and Mrs. Bright
And Bessy both desire
To ask a sailor if all's right,
And other things enquire.

So tumbling down the stairs he came,
But looking very surly ;
And then they want to know the cause
Of all this hurly burly.
" Why, Ma'am, the ship has slipped away
And we can never stop her,
If she continues at this rate,
You'll sleep in Davy's locker."

" Oh take us there, Sir, if you please !
And you shall have a crown.
'Tis better to go any where,
Than lying here to drown.

Besides being sick, I feel quite sure,
Each time the ship is tossed,
She'll spring a leak or something else,
And that we must be lost."

"Lord, Marm, that cannot happen here,
For we're so near the ground,
That if you're drownded any where,
Your body will be found."
The sailor, grinning, went on deck,
And found the weather cleared;
While Rotterdam and its safe port,
Soon afterwards appeared.

And Mrs. Bright forgot the ship
When floating on the Rhine.
Perpetually exclaiming,
"How wonderfully fine!"

She recollected everything
That every body wrote,
Extolling the advantage
Of a German table-d'hôte.

Therefore in pink and red attired,
Green ribbons in her cap,
And yellow gloves, she looked just like
A coloured walking map.
Two Germans, between whom our Bright
Now smiling took her seat,
Were the reverse of what we might
At home consider neat.

Shortly a party of young men,
Appeared in whites and gaiters,
The costume still, as it was then,
Of all the German waiters.
Then bits of beef were strewed along
The middle of the table;
And Mrs. Bright tried a blunt knife,
To carve if she were able.

But after much fatigue and pains,
When she had sawed a slice,
The waiter darting at the dish,
Removed it in a thrice.

So all the beef was carried off
By the young men in gaiters,
The company assumed their place,
Becoming now their waiters.

After the beef, in half an hour,
Appeared some pretty dishes,
With pickles sweet that should be sour ;
Raw ham and little fishes.
And then in bottles acid stuff,
We all mistake for wine,
Rhenish with truth, as 'tis composed
Of water from the Rhine.

Through all this nastiness combined
So much against her will ;
And merely just to feel she'd dined,
Poor Bright felt very ill.

" Oh, Bessy, what a bed is this !
I'm much too fat to fit it,
For look, my leg is on the floor,
This coop will not admit it.

With gerkins, raw ham, sausages,
Sour krout, and batter fed,
How do they fancy one can sleep,
Beneath a feather bed!"
Poor thing, she really felt too bad,
To move, or sit, or lie,
Convinced from German living
She most certainly would die.

" Now if they take to doctoring,
'Tis likely they will kill me,
Or send me to some German spring,
With dropsy there to fill me."
But Bess at last determined, lest
Some danger there might be
In the complaint, what ere it was,
To summon an M.D.

No one, perhaps, could comprehend
The jargon of poor Bess,
Nor her odd gestures apprehend
As signals of distress.

No doctor came, and Mrs. Bright
Considerably better,
Got up, and then prepared to write
A long and friendly letter.

Old Bess still waited on the stairs,
And blinded by alarm,
She seized the first man who appeared,
And brought him by the arm
To Mrs. Bright, who smiled, and bowed,
And when he was well seated,
The natural history of her health
In English she repeated.

And then to let him see her eyes,
She opened them quite wide,
And showed her tongue, and took his hand
To place it on her side
Where she had pains, the poor man stared—
Germans are not acute—
He was amazed, and sat there scared,
And stupified, and mute.

About a dozen English words
Were all the German had,
And Bright's small stock of German ones,
Were equally as bad.
Says Mrs. Bright, " Bess, take these francs
And give him three or four,
M.D. means ' money down,' I hear,
If you are sick, or sore."

Great talkers, we all know, won't hear
A word that others say,
Nor do they want an answer,
Though they prate themselves all day.
The Germans certainly speak loud,
The noise seems to delight them,
And people snap at syllables
As if with spite to bite them.

The fancied doctor rattled words,
Just like so many dice
In his large mouth, and Mrs. Bright
Supposed it was advice.

How it occurred, in one short week,
I never could discover,
That such a man, should in this time,
Be an accepted lover.

* * * *

Nothing was half so sociable,
Long since, as German baths,
Where you were parted from your friends
By a light screen of laths.
You thus might make acquaintance with
The persons that you met,
And find them nice additions there,
Although not in your set.

And should you not bespeak a bath,
One hour's conversation
Ensued, between the people who
Discussed its preparation.
The Germans mostly, ere they act,
Will talk an hour or more,
As if what they're about to do,
Was never done before.

And when you try to speak your best,
They seem at such a loss,
And look just like the Esquimaux,
And you like Captain Ross.
Well! Mrs. Bright must try a bath,
And fearing to be cheated,
She ordered that to ninety-nine
The water should be heated.

So there she sat, like a cray fish,
Boiling till it was red,
For all the blood that she contained,
Took refuge in her head.

* * * *

Beneath Wiesbaden, nature keeps
The spring in a sharp boil,
So visitors, who don't subscribe,
May have a gratis broil.

Invariably it leaves within
The baths a blackish rust,



While every bather's product adds
A coat to this dark crust,
The Bright had shuddered, when she saw
A room, both dark and mean,
It might be healthy, tho' she thought
'Twas any thing but clean.

Bess Snag had left her quite immersed,
Unmindful of a lock,
The door soon opened, Mrs. Bright
Declares she heard no knock,
When making many courteous bows,
Then shutting close the door,
A gentleman walks slowly towards
The middle of the floor.

" Monsieur," he cries, for Mrs. Bright
Had left her head quite bare,
And looked just like an ugly man
Without a bit of hair.
" Go, go, Sir, go ! do not come here !
Oh ! leave the room, now pray.

I'm not a Mossure, but a dam,
And beg you'll go away."

But he was deaf, and it appeared,
Quite crippled with the gout,
And, therefore, found it difficult
To turn himself about.
So there he stood, still speaking French,
And acting with his hand,
One word of which, poor Mrs. Bright,
Could never understand.

" Monsieur, permettez, qu'après vous,
Je puisse avoir ce bain ?"
" No, no, I'm not Mossure, indeed
Vous restes là ing vain."
But Bessy came to their relief,
And led the stranger out,
Although till now, she cannot guess
What it was all about.

Now Bessy could not tolerate
Her mistress's new flame,

And thought her conduct most absurd,
Deserving great blame.
" It really is too bad," she said,
" To see this Garmin count,
A eating and a drinking,
All on missusses account."

But to describe the state of things,
We'll just insert a letter,
From Bessy Snag to an old friend,
And thus detail them better.

" Dear Willy Dobbs,
Since last I wrote,
We came on to Wisbadden,
A dullish place, it seems to me,
And must sick people sadden.
We lodge at Quarter Sessions,
In no ways a pleasant Inn,
For though 'tis scorching hot without,
'Tis hotter far within,

" We first stayed at the ' Addle her,'
Which well deserves its name ;
Though as for noise, I really think
All German inns the same.

" The weather grows so dreadful hot,
I never shall forget it ;
As for the cold one used to dread,
I wish I now could catch it.

" We cannot speak the language yet,
The noisy gabberish stuff,
And even natives born here,
Still find it hard enough.

" Whatever other people do,
Or what they think or say,
The Germans most assuredly,
Will try another way.

" They turn the hours quite upside down,
And say 'tis half past four,

By their own clock, that has struck three
A minute just before.
My missus tells me sentences
Are turned quite the wrong way ;
The last word is the meaning of
What they're about to say.

" The dinners always are reversed.
Unlike the way we dish,
For after pudding and preserves,
Come roast beef and the fish.

" One's bed has neither head nor feet,
A mutilated box,
For every turn made in it,
I get so many knocks.

" One feather bed is quite enough,
And what is it they mean ?
By making people sandwiches,
In two they're laid between.
When crampt and cross you've struggled on,

And settled yourself right,
All chance of sleep is banished by
The morning's early light.

"A glaring sun stares at your face,
His beams come streaming in
Thro' narrow muslin curtains,
Vainly fastened with a pin.
And were the glare less troublesome,
There's noise through every wall;
Which are so thin, you'd hear the sound,
Were but a pin to fall.

"My missus says 'tis Pyramy,
A friend that she once had,
Who, if he made a noise like this,
Was a most tiresome lad.

"One's French they never understand,
When I came from the play,
And they cried at the door, whose there?
To which I answered Jay!

" They could not comprehend the word,
I might have called all night.
Did I not make a dreadful noise,
And scream with all my might.

" Adieu, dear friend. Ochk ! goody nokt,
In English—go to sleep ;
A wish no doubt quite useless here,
While they their vigils keep.
So I'll set up and study now
That grammar wrote by fools,
Who think a woman cannot speak
Without a lot of rules.

" Oh, Willy, dear, what do you think ?
My missus she's in love ;
And talks about it all just like
A tender turtle-dove.
But, lord, you never in your days,
Did see so great a sight,
As the young man that is her flame.
Oh, he is such a fright !

His maladdy is de longeur,
Because he is so tall;
And sure it is, when he fell ill,
That great must be the fall.

" And now, (between ourselves, my dear,)
What renders this too bad
Is that, in my own mind, I feel
Convinced the man is mad.

" Suppose he murders her, poor dear!
When they're at tea some night,
And cuts her up in little bits,
To put her out of sight!
He makes such faces, till one thinks
It is St. Vitus' dance;
But, missus says, ' the reason is,
He lived so long in France.'

" I never get a wink of sleep,
He's singing so all night,
And, missus says, ' 'tis 'cause he knows

That music's her delight.'
The day's not fixed, and we go to—
I quite forgot the name
Of the next place, 'tis Swallowbag,
Or something much the same.

" They call a hack shay, a lone coach,
The horses left alone,
Just crawl on slowly by themselves ;
Theirselves being skin and bone.

" We drive a sort of van-courier,
Or horse that runs before,
Who's good for nothing, but to rush
At every open door.

" The missus will see all the sights,
Persuaded by her Graf—
To think that's German for a lord,
I'm sure will make you laugh.
They stop at every old rat-house,
Or where there is a view,

As if old houses, and old trees
Were any thing that's new.

" Dear Dobbs, a-jew, i'll write again
In a week's time, or less,
Meanwhile accept the best regards
Of your dear cousin,
" BESS."

LETTER II.

" Oh ! Willy dear, what dreadful news
I now have to relate,
Of horrid 'vents, that happened to
My missus here of late.
Well ! as you know, we travelled on,
And went I can't tell where,
They say that when one travels much,
'Tis often to go there.

" I saw the place where Goaty lived,
Before he wrote his Shiller.

Poor man ! he lately lost a friend,
In Egypt, Mr. Miller.

" But this is nothing, till you hear
Of missusses disaster,
And how I came, at once, to lose
The Count, my late new master.

" The wedding fixed, and missus's dress,
With myrtles and white satin,
Was married in a German mess,
By priests, and all in Latin.
And she did look so very well,
With such a lovely colour !
And as for him, I never saw
One uglier, or duller.

" And then we gave a dejuny,
With cakes and petty jews,
And pottash, and damp noodles, and
All else that can amuse,

They bought themselves a new bridge key,
With poor dear missus' money,
Which purchased his fine presents too,
Now don't you think that funny ?

" Well ! they were all a seated down
So comfortable—very,
For though I did not understand,
They laughed and seemed quite merry.
The Gray fin, that is missus now,
Looked happy, and content,
Although she did not understand
One word of what they meant.

" For all the people there, she saw
But once or twice before,
The table-d'hôte was where they met ;
Her Count knew them no more.

" The Graf quite sudden disappeared,
No one guessed where he went,
Altho' the bride, most anxiously,

To various places sent,
A sitting there, and fainting, and
In such a dreadful state,
I really did not know what might
Be the poor creature's fate.

" Our company to comfort her,
All tried what they could say ;
But as she did not understand,
At last they went away.

" Oh ! how she cried, and wrung her hands !
And how she spoilt her dress,
With oh de Colon, fits and starts,
'Twas soon in a fine mess.
Poor thing ! a sterrick fit came on,
She screamed with all her might,
Nor could we take off her fine clothes
Nor go to bed all night.

" Next day, at ten, the polisey
Took missus off to jail ;

And in a foreign place like this,
We had no chance of bail.
They kept us there, a long long week,
Me, and the poor Gray fin,
In such a place! you never saw
More dirt—and such a din!

" At last, what do you think we heard?
Why! missus was accused!
And when you know, my dear, of what,
I'm sure you'll be amused.

" 'Twas said, that she had stole the Count,
Well knowing he was mad,
With an intent to cheat the man
Of every thing he had!

" Well! now remember, Willy Dobbs,
I said it was the case,
And evident to any one
That looked well in his face.

" And would you bel'eve? The poor cracked thing
Has children and a wife,
Who could not live with him, for fear
He might attempt her life.

" Poor missus cried: ' Oh, Bessy Snag!
Now is it not a sin,
That after all that's spent and lost
I'm not the true Gray fin?'
And being then in Neuredbug,
My missus at last wrote,
In English to the King, that there,
A very civil note.

" Informing him, she was the wife
And widow of John Bright,
Who, if he liked it, any day
Could be himself a night.
And though she spent a week in jail,
That mattered not a pin,
Nor yet that she had found no bail
If she were called Gray fin.

" At last, we were let out of jail,
And missus paid her bill,
So having now no money left,
We must remain here still.

" Now, Willy dear, least this dispatch
Should be late for the bag,
I'll just conclude, with many loves,
That I'm your faithful

" SNAG."



Part II.

The Prefet was not moved by Mrs. Bright
Declaring, though not wronged, she still was right,
At which she screamed, and roared, and cried, until
The Prefet asked, if she had paid her bill
Then—she had not, but owed some hundred francs
For balls and theatres, and pic-nic pranks;
Feeling assured the German Count must pay,
She put off settling it from day to day.

While owing the poor host at her hotel
For board and lodging, and for clothes as well,
As, though her trousseau was of small extent,
He paid the full amount of what she spent.

A good Samaritan the host might be,
Unlike your wary German as you see.
After some time, remittances arrived,
Which from her troubles, our poor Bright revived.

So settling in a quiet boarding-school,
A plan that was judicious for a fool,
Of whom the girls made fun, and laughed at Bess,
Nor spared the wretched cat, you well may guess ;
But Bright cared not for any joke, or jeer,
Convinced that Germans are themselves so queer.

She learnt to sing, and studied French, meanwhile
Improving of her dress, the cut and style.
So quietly life passed, until " one day,"
As your good story tellers always say,
A letter came from Bright's surviving brother,
Of near relations, she possessed no other,
With most strange news, and of a varied kind,
Which sadly agitated her weak mind.

She learnt, how her old mother lately dead,
Had left a will attested, and just read,

In which the Bright was left some thousand pounds.
Ten thousand had a far more pleasing sound;
And this, indeed, was really the sum
Which, after expectations, now had come
To make the foolish creature fail and faint,
And call her mother a departed saint,
Too good to live, yet good enough to die,
Whom she now hoped to join, but by and bye.

Soon in the smartest mourning she was seen,
Made of rich silk, and crape, and bombasine,
With trains behind, o'er which her friends might fall,
And camel's humps that fashion paniers call.

"We'll go to Paris," now the mourner cries,
While her grass widow's tears she quickly dries.
"Of Germany, from hence, we'll speak no more,
For really that Count was but a bore.

"Through dear ma's money, now I'm quite a catch,
And well entitled to make a good match
With some nice youth, the offshoot of a peer,
He'll be expensive, all fine things are dear.

Now ! for a lodging near old Portman Square,
Of which I know there's plenty, and to spare ;
Then with a Beast in buttons, all in green,
And gold-laced hat, I'll very soon be seen.

" And drive in handsome cabs, now quite the fashion,
For open carriages have always been my passion."
To dress herself for such a grand position
Was next resolved, with very quick decision.

So Bright, arrived in Paris, never rested
Till in the newest fin'ry she invested.
Art raised a splendid crop of golden hair,
Ill suited to a skin which was not fair.
'Twas like a load of hay upon her head,
Harvest of other skulls, alive or dead ;
Next, yards of costly silk behind her trailed,
Before which, with a wriggling gait, she sailed.

At Orkney Place the widow soon subsides,
A street where poor gentility resides.

There her rich brother quickly found her out,
Longing to hear what she had been about.

Of the queer marriage knowing not a word,
Nor of the follies which therewith occurred.
Hitherto he cared not much about her ;
But now, out of seclusion, he must rout her,
For she had money, and was far from wise,
A combination which we can't despise.

So he invited her at once to dine
To meet a gentleman who dealt in wine.
Aware that the poor fellow was a fool
Well qualified to be the useful tool
Who'd marry Bright, and keep her duly quiet,
And regulate her dress, expenditure and diet,
In all of which he thought her far too " jolly,"
A word that sounds and acts so much like folly.

Jay took the bait while simmering at dinner,
When that old Jones, the wily selfish sinner,

Laughed in his sleeve at getting rid of Bright,
Who latterly, he did not think "quite right."

What in the widow captivated Jay
Was her ten thousand, we need scarcely say.
Weeks later, all was settled after dinner,
When sweet champagne imbibed, did much to win her.

So then and there, Jay loudly did propose
Between potations and a snoring dose,
From which he woke to find himself engaged,
And at his new position much amazed.

The business soon was clenched, without appeal,
And Jay, quite helpless, had to sign and seal.
One hint about a breach of promise suit
Soon rendered hesitation very mute,
To rapid haste the bride gladly assented,
That hour to marry she would have consented.
The bridegroom yielded, he was very weak,
And had been heretofore a Jerry Sneak.

Old Jones declared that it was "love at sight,"
A bill endorsed in Cupid's black and white;
While duly honoured was the soft demand,
Further accepted by a note of hand.

Jay was as good as new, a man self-made
By fresh discoveries in the Vintner's trade,
A man who, taken in adulteration,
Pretended 'twas the taste of this whole nation.

His clothes were loose as a rhinoceros' hide,
And hung in folds of kersymere as wide.
Of surface glossy and of texture fine
To act of his prosperity as sign.
You could not say what size he was within
This most extensive and expensive skin.

At least, you saw his hands were very large,
The feet made something like a city barge.
While gloves hung on his very pondrous paws,
Projecting past the fingers just like claws.

A vast expanse was bare upon his head,
Which looked as if the skin were varnished red,
The hair, no doubt, had moulted to his face,
For hair won't grow on ev'ry vacant place.

And hignons will exhaust the head supply,
And chignons, to all parts, you can't apply
Like female fictions, grown on a strange head,
The hair a living lie, the owner lying dead.
Jay's hignon was a mass of shaggy stuff,
Just like a patch from some old mangy muff,
Which acted as a slobb'ring bib to keep him neat,
While cramming mouthfuls of some greasy meat.

The upper range that grew upon his lip
He dabbled in the soup at every sip.
If white, it hung from thence in a festoon,
Until to scrape it off, he used a spoon.

Your dandies after every bit they eat,
Dress their moustache, as if it were a feat

With grace to make them duly neat.
They fidget you with all this fussy toil,
Lest on their precious beards should rest a soil;
As if you possibly the least would care
What happens to their most *presumptive* hair.

Old Mrs. Jay—the last—was not long dead,
But at the loss, Jay did not lose his head,
For she was dying all her healthful life,
Like many a long surviving tiresome wife.
With some, a weakly state, is deemed genteel
These ladies who require that you should feel
For pains, which they affect and act so well,
That whether true or false, no one can tell.

At last, two doctors sent off Mrs. Jay,
One can't say which of them had gained the day.
Small doses—large—the "Pathies" all were tried,
No wonder that at last the patient died.

By water she was nearly washed away,
It ran in streamlets round her night and day;

With " Holloway's own ladle" for his pills,
She took enough to end all human ills.

Six pledges were bequeathed to Mr. Jay,
Your sickly women often have this way.
Two girls were just such as our times produce,
We do not like them—Jay thought them the deuce.
A gushing, banging, laughing thing was Flo,
While Anne, affecting dignity, was slow.
One gallopped at you, just to ride you down,
Anne's self-assertion checked you with a frown ;
For she was passed the curate's age of thirty,
Though in a pious saint-like way still flirty.

Flo's jabber, like a monkey's, had no sense
But varied folly, by bold insolence,
Snapping and giggling in a slangy way,
Declaring that " civility don't pay."
While in her heart of hearts, she now confessed
The principles by many girls professed ;
And combing out her chignon as she spoke,
She brushed and muttered softly, stroke for stroke

" How stupid people are to think me open,
Because, occasionally, I am out spoken ;
But no one yet knows really what I think,
Or, if I like best, blue, or green, or pink.

" For that the wind blows north or south
You'll never hear out of my mouth.
Indeed, I often bite my lip
Lest erring thoughts should through it slip.
No not a word they'll hear from me
So very secret I can be.
When Mrs. Jay says white is white,
To say 'tis black is my delight.

" Thus she shall find I'm never led,
But will maintain what I have said ;
Think what they may, still I know best,
On that pray set your mind at rest.
Miss Flo' shan't try to tutor me,
With her peculiar A B C.

" If in my side there were a pain
Thro' which, like glass, you'd see quite plain,

No Doctor Gull should ever view it,
And if he did, I'd make him rue it.

" Pains in my inside there may be,
But no one ere shall see through me.
I do not wish old folks to charm,
Their enmity does me no harm ;
The young I talk to, when I choose,
In hopes, at least, that they'll amuse.

" By cringing meanness women please,
'Tis nobler far to take one's ease,
And let all others do the same,
All interference is a shame."

Miss Flo' had not a very clever head,
With little intellect, she seldom read.
Nor yet to all men, all things could she be,
Like other girls, whom we so often see.

* * * *

The sun shone out with bright propitious ray,
To gild a happy bridal on the festive day,
And Mrs. Bright looked certainly her best
With orange flowers, white lace, and satin dressed,
Tho' something like a well-stuffed feather bed,
And tightly laced until her face got red.
Still bride and bridegroom both seemed so devoted
As if each one upon the other doated.

So Mrs. Jay's mild simper, and her flush
Quite simulated modesty's sweet blush;
Though Mrs. J. drank only with her eyes,
Her John responded, not alone with sighs.
Imbibing some amount of sweet Champagne,
Kissing her hand again and then again.

Just as each kiss resounded more and more,
A tall, gaunt figure stood within the door,
His eyes broad open with a mouth so wide
It reached across his face, from side to side.

And next he stared and gasped, and tried to speak,
With efforts which resulted in a squeak;

This was no language to be understood,
But a queer jargon, used before the flood,
One quite perverted long ago at Babel,
Which not Max Muller to translate was able.

" Dat is my wife," he cried, " my own fourt wife,
De bartner of her fortune and my life,
Who now she tink to marry dat old man,
To get his house, his money, all she can.
Donner und Blitz, I'll shoot the fellow dead,
And mit dis pistol shatter his bald head."

He fired at Jay, who ere one heard the shot,
Had fallen down quite helpless on the spot,
And lay beneath the table nearly dead
With fright, and a smart knock upon the head,
Which he much feared had broken into bits,
Though merely scattered were his scanty wits.

The company rush on the frantic man,
Run here and there to catch him if they can.
With yells and shouts, he knocks them all about,
Till of his capture they begin to doubt.

"Now," gentle Jay shrieks, "who is this wild man?"
And in a corner threatens with her fan.
"A fellow never seen before in all my life!
Who dares to say that I could be his wife."

To the police the maniac soon consigned,
Was in a cell deep, dark, and dank confined;
And may till now in some asylum rant,
Despite our liberty and philanthropic cant.

"What does it mean, my sweet?" said Mr. Jay.
"Why did he rave about you in this way?
Where did you know him? was he once a lover?
Or did he any secret facts discover
About your early life in foreign parts,
Where you, no doubt, have broken many hearts."

"He may admire me," Mrs. Jay now simpered,
While smiling thro' the tears, with which she whimpered,
For she had lately practised fits and starts,
And other female ways of softening hearts.
She learnt how much is prized the wily fool,
Who by such arts, can men of wisdom rule,

Excite their sympathy, claim their compassion,
Till all these feelings cumulate to passion.

And men prefer weak women of this kind,
To her with intellect and reasoning mind.
For intellect is power, we are told,
And intellect in petticoats may scold.
Then imbecility we know most men adore,
And helplessness they worship even more.
Combined, no male disputes the potent claim,
And till our world end, 'twill be the same,
So women's rights in public are proclaimed,
While husbands' wrongs in private can't be named.

Miss Flo went shortly visiting some friends,
Of which she had a stock, all odds and ends.
Our country friends, the cruel gods provide,
We choose our own, do we in towns reside.
Miss Flo's were varied, not at all home made,
And "mixed" as things are called, to be well paid;
But first she went to London just to shop,
A business no male influence can stop.

And why are shops so crowded all the day,
Roads sometimes blocked, and mobs on the pathway ;
While panting women wish from place to place
To purchase petty bargains, or cheap lace ?

One little bow is bought in Wigmore Street,
Then one in Bond Street, just because 'tis sweet ;
For scraps of ribbon, any fiddle-faddle,
These females through the dirtiest districts paddle.

" Tremendous sacrifices " there are sought,
Where showy rubbish rashly may be bought,
And stalwart men will measure yards of stuffs,
And sell fur tippets, whilst they act the muffs.

When lifting flimsy goods with weary air,
They but endure this task to please the fair !
Affecting to use energy and strength,
In snipping penny ribbons shortest length.

Why do we waste male strength in such a way ?
While weakly women die starved ev'ry day.

Instead of taking these great giants' place,
To measure silk or label bits of lace.
The men released, might duly serve the state,
And female substitutes escape the fate
Of being punished when they won't do wrong,
Enacting daily Hood's pathetic song.

But we stopped Flora going to the sea,
With all the buoyancy of youthful glee,
And seldom did a place appear so bright,
Or sea reflecting sun in a new light.
Where crowds pace on with nothing else to do
But let you look at them, and look at you,
Amongst these, gaudy saints, and light drab sinners,
Who left at home their provident bread winners.

FLORA'S LETTER.

"My journey was successful every way,
And nothing could be finer than the day.
I did not write to you, dear Ann, before,
Not having any pleasant news in store,

Besides I nursed our cousin in a cold,
I fear a permanency, when one's old.
So all alone I had to take my walks,
Reserving for the evening time our talks.

" The first day out—my hat was such a duck !
With lilac marabouts at one side stuck.
The dress together exquisitely neat
Excited compliments I can't repeat.

" 'Twas early when I went upon the Pier,
Where, though alone, I had no thoughts of fear.
To Mrs. Jay and father not a word,
Of what on that momentous day occurred.

" I soon sat down and opened my new book,
At which, you may be sure, I did not look.
Not many people yet were lounging there,
Although the day was most divinely fair.

" But lo ! to the same bench there came a man,
Whom later, I'll describe as best I can.

Oh, he was lovely, Annie, with such eyes!
So pallid that you'd think he lived on sighs.

"Next day he came again, again sat down,
I dared not look, but saw his coat was brown,
I felt he stared intently through my lace,
While modestly I turned away my face.
So on I read, (pretending you are sure),
Still trying to seem quiet and demure.
He then began to read o'er my right shoulder,
Thinks I, my gentleman is getting bolder.

"I took a glance on turning the next leaf,
I b'lieve the last words there were, 'love's sweet grief,'
And now at every page, I stole a look,
While he, too, glanced at me from that sweet book.

"Oh, how I loved it, merely for his sake,
Not any sum would I for that book take.
It is not one to furnish much instruction,
But did it not promote our introduction?

" Next day I softly whispered, 'have you done?'
Before on the next page I had begun.
And scores were then the pages, I declare,
We turned, ere he one syllable would dare
To whisper, in my very willing ear,
Which after all, you know, was still quite near.
With men so slightly moved by love's ambition,
Affairs must take an age to reach fruition.

" At last from off a page he read. 'I love,'
And marked it with his nail, then squeezed my glove.
I never felt like that in all my life,
(While thinking that I yet might be his wife.)

" I pulled away my hand, as you may think,
He said my glove was of a lovely pink;
And then there came an arm around my waist,
Perhaps in this there might be too much haste.
Therefore, confused, I had no word to say,
We did not read another word that day.

" How light the sun danced on the merry sea,
Which seemed to come with rippling smiles to me.

The clouds looked brighter at their image there,
As beauty in a glass, smiles when she's fair.
Then sped with joyous haste on to the west,
For beauty's vanity disdains all rest;
And gentle winds coquetting with my hair,
Would rifle sweet soft kisses if they dare.

"Now I will tell you what my Roger's like,
'Tis not a beauty, that at once would strike.
For he's as pallid as a wax tea rose
But for a little redness on the nose,
Which is not button, turnip, or a pug,
But rather flat upon a frizzly rug
Of auburn whiskers and a reddish beard,
With jasmine cream all most divinely smeared.

"I can't say much for that queer Christian name,
Not known to sentiment not yet to fame,
A sort of Bacon some one says it is,
But this account must surely be a quiz.
I will allow his clothes are not quite neat,
Untidiness for some men is a feat,

Contrasting with most ladies' fine attire,
Got up expressly for them to admire."

LETTER II.

"Oh, Anne, dear Anne, your sister's nearly mad
With sorrow and with everything that's bad,
So different from my happiness of late,
So different from my once expected fate.

"For we were to be married the next day,
And everything was paid (I had to pay),
That all should be respectable and nice,
On an occasion seldom happening twice.

"And Roger purchased a thick wedding ring,
With guard to keep it, such a lovely thing!
The bill was sent me here this very day,
I paid it—what about it could I say?

"I was to marry him on Monday last,
Oh! what an age it seeems since that day passed!

On which I suffered heart-rending dejection,
When sending him my ultimate rejection.

" The day before I to the Aquarium went,
Where many hours my friends had often spent,
While I detained at home had never been,
Nor the fine music heard, nor fishes seen.
Detesting fellow-creatures of the deep,
Relations of our flesh that make it creep.
So hastily I rushed by all the tanks,
Where fish are placed according to their ranks.

" Desirous but to hear the music play,
Towards the grotto I soon took my way,
Where women screaming woke the echoes round,
And fishes doubtless shuddered at the sound.
For all about them, fiddles, flutes were playing,
In proclamation that receipts were paying.
Soon I sat down beneath a plantain tree,
When, oh ! good gracious ! what think you to see ?

" Why Roger rasping there upon a fiddle,
And sawing in the universal twiddle,

And streaming, too, with such a perspiration,
That I quite lost the power of respiration,
Ye gods! I rushed home in a fearful state,
Of which particulars, I can't relate.

"From me, he had draughts for some hundred pounds,
Where will a husband, where will these be found?
Your miserable sister, Flora Jay,
Who wishes that this were her latest day."

* * * * *

A curious concert next took place
For neighbours far and near,
That they might see Miss Anne Jay's grace,
Her charming singing hear.
And music of all sorts and sounds,
Was whispered, growled, or screamed;
And the shrill cry and ponderous pound,
In curious confluence streamed.

Two girls first purred a mild duet,
Which ladies called "*so sweet*,"
To me the twitter sounded like
The song of a pewet.

Next a fine able virgin struck
The chords of "Collard's Grand,"
And rattled o'er the ivory keys
With pond'rous, skilful hand.

She fired off like a fusee's rush,
A rocket to the skies,
Then down with loud and reckless gush,
O'er flats and sharps she flies.
Next cantering an arpeggio,
Or ambling near the ground
At a queer, quick adagio,
She makes a sudden bound.

Two cousins Jay then next perform,
To try with all their might,
Which of the two would loudest play
Duetts ('twas said) at sight.
Like Charity the left ignored,
What the right hand would do,
And neither of the two seemed right,
Apparently to you.

Piano, tenor, and base viol,
Had now come into play,
Concerted pieces they were called,
But each went his own way.
The violincello worked with force,
Quite superseding grace,
Till essences of harmony
Ran richly down his face.

The concert then progressed the usual way,
Some listened, or said what they had to say,
Men whisp'ring into ladies' ears such stuff,
As youth will simper when most like a muff,
While Mrs. Jay attempted a French song,
Which I am grieved to say was false and wrong;
And all about some "Ange de mon amour,"
But ending in a cry for "du secours."

It was a lady who had been betrayed
With no expenses properly defrayed,
Her name was something like Amelia Bell,
All to a tune from poor old "William Tell."

That climax with its shriek from Mrs. Jay,
Protested that "son Arthur sans délai"
Should pay at least the very highest damages
That are required in lieu of legal marriages.

When breathless she subsided from that rage,
The room was entered by a buttoned page,
Who brought a varnished card to Mrs. Jay,
Upon a rich, capacious silver tray.
At which the Jay cried, "What an hour to come,
Adolphus, tell her I am not at home.
Now, what on earth has brought that woman down,
That persecuting, vulgar Mrs. Brown?

"She's cousin to my uncle's brother's wife,
And a perpetual blister for his life,
Still, Martha was in early days my friend,
But friendship like all else must have an end.
Oh, what am I to do," thought Mrs. Jay;
"An answer I must give without delay,
Adolphus shew her in—the fool!
Why ever were we playmates at that school?

" And coming at this hour, she's sure to stay,
I know her game, she'll never go away.
And me so stylish, growing quite genteel,
No wonder that I much annoyed should feel
At what she will appear to all the Jays,
Who'll see her dress and manners in amaze,
And wonder who my friends were long ago,
Surmising that they must have been 'so so.'"

" Oh, Mrs, Brown ! you find me at the door
To say I am at home for you—(the bore),
You've come to see me, but late in the day.
(I wish to goodness she had staid away.")

Says Mrs. Brown, " In course, dear Sairy Ann,
I come the soonest moment nor I can,
But what a pallis ! grand you are, my dear,
I'm not quite dressed for such a room and spear."

" Oh, dear !" says Mrs. Jay, but with an air ;
" We fashionable people do not care
So much about the dress as the canal
Or 'men of straw,' in French, les hommes de pal.

" They're more particular than these grand swells,
Great friends of mine, all dashing beaux and belles.
Come in, and in that corner sit you down,
And tell me (if alive) how's Mister Brown !"

" Thanky—he's purely well," says Mrs. Brown,
But with some little shadow of a frown,
Then speaking loud she adds : " Now Sairy Ann,
How ever did you marry that old man ?"

All stared and listened, none so much as Jay,
And no one at the time knew what to say.
But Mrs. Brown indifferent to the pause,
Drags cotton gloves with struggles from her claws.

And cries " Now, Sairy Ann, ain't you grown grand ;
And don't know which, on head or heels to stand.
Do tell that chap in buttons just to bring,
Some gin and water, wine or any thing.

" Hush, hush !" says Mrs. Jay, " pray, Mrs. Brown,
Such low expressions, I entreat, keep down.

There's Lady Primm in that sweet lovely hat,
She must not hear a horrid word like that."

"Hullo!" says Mrs. Brown, "that old thing Primm,
With the queer hat and feathers round the brim,
And on the top, tails like a cockatoo,
Now why should such a guy make a to do?

"I say, you chap! what have you on that tray?
I really believe 'tis nothing but weak tay;
Stale kickshaws and some penny water ice,
With bread and butter of the shabbiest slice."

"Dear me!" now says old Jay, "Pray, Mrs. Brown,
To please Amelia, will you just sit down."

"And who is Melia? Is it Sairy Ann,
You try to make a lady if you can.
I say don't give her nick names like a goose,
But drop such nonsense never yet of use,
So shut up, Jay, with your fandango name,
For, call her what you will, she's just the same."

"Now, pray, dear Madam, do at once go down.
Adolphus just attend on Mrs. Brown.
There in the dining-room, he'll give you food,
You'd find it really wiser if you would."

Oh, no! not she—but taking the best place,
She set her chair on Lady Primm's fine lace;
Then turning to that lady, "Marm," says she,
"I'm sure you'd do the like, if you was me,
Nor condescend to eat their bits and scraps,
Downstairs, along with little button chaps.

"'Twas providentious I sent home the fly,
And means to sleep, or know the reason why;
I hates them airs and graces that I do,
They riles me, though p'raps they may suit you.

"Now, tell me what they did with Sairy's money?
That she should get it all seems rather funny;
But she must spend a mint, I think, on dress,
And she afore her marriage, such a mess.

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That she should get it all seems rather funny;
But she must spend a mint, I think, on dress,
And she afore her marriage, such a mess.

" Her lawful parients would not know her now,
Pore thing, they dragged her up, just any how.
And there she goes—so big, good Lord a mussy,
And after all, she looks but fat and fussy."

Just at this juncture, she pushed buttons down,
He by a table knocked upon the crown.
Then dropped the silver tray on Lady Primm,
Who, in the struggle tumbled over him.
So all the ices splashed upon her gown,
A splendid thing arrived that day from town.
On Mrs. Brown ran streamlets of pink ice,
Spoiling a sweet alpaca, worn but twice.

And Mrs. Brown then looking at her dress,
Of which the front was in a frightful mess;
Began to cry, and sob aloud, and whine,
" And will you spare a soul a drop of wine?
Oh, Sairy Ann, indeed you are a screw,
As I remember well, 'tis nothing new.
That wine is currant, as I am alive;
No wonder that the publicans all thrive.

"I'll go and get a sup of something 'ot,
There must be victuals somewhere, and if not
I'll sleep upon the floor in your fine larder,
Where barren stones there cannot be more harder
Than 'tis to starve or sup upon some ice,
That turns my inside cold, and I despise."
So rushing out the Brown was seen no more,
'Twas hoped she'd left the house by the front door.

"That woman was our cook," says Mrs. Jay,
"Though she pretends relationship to-day;
An illegitimate, perhaps, of dearest Pa,
Who made a messalliance with dear Ma.

"I'm not quite well, and must retire to bed,
That creature has upset my aching head;
Adoo, good-night, I wish you pleasant slumber;
And dreams as charming, too, and without number."

Of course, there was much talk of Mrs. Brown,
Discussed from top to toe, and up and down,
Till no one any more could find to say,
When who should rush up in a frantic way

But buttons, looking very scared and white,
And turning every where from left to right.
" Oh Lord! oh, Lord! just think it, Mr. Jay,
What will my missus do? what will she say?

" As Lady Primm's French maid went up the stairs
With something in her hand that looked like hairs,
' To settle it in plaits,' she said, ' quite right;
And get my lady's things agin the night.'
But when she laid upon the bed a gown,
Who was before her there, but Mrs. Brown!
A sprawling, with a face so hot, so red,
A snoring too in Lady Primm's own bed!".

'Tis best to draw a curtain o'er the scene;
And Mrs. Brown did really want a screen.

* * * *

Soon all the guests retired to their beds,
Some very weary, some with wakeful heads.

Old Mr. Jay sat down with his three boys,
The two grown up, and one a hobbedy hoy,
To have a little something, nothing wrong,
For though with brandy, 'twas not very strong.

But previously, poor Mrs. Jay retired,
Declaring that she never was so tired,
As when, almost asleep, she rang for Bess,
That she might come and help her to undress.
But Bess, just then, was acting a flirtation,
Hoping to end it by an explanation
With a young swain, her junior by ten years,
Who tortured her with varied hopes and fears.

Then Mrs. Jay sat long before the glass
Admiring of her hair, the copious mass,
And finding it provokingly entangled
By the strange fashion which is so new fangled,
That now to wait for Bessy she resolved
With plaits and curls so hopelessly involved
And in the glass she saw herself grown old
Or was it the effect of recent cold?

The fire was out—the lights seemed burning blue,
Throwing around the room a lurid hue,
While stealthy blasts flew round about the candles,
Seeming to turn the dressing-room door handles.
Then awfully the tempest howled outside,
And curious taps and knocks she heard inside

The room was haunted! as she long had feared,
For previously strange noises she had heard,
Of sweeping sounds of wings that floated round,
With pallid shimmers, flitting on the ground;
And now soft touches, pressing on her shoulder
Did not conduce to make her any bolder.
When through the dim lit distance, a faint scream,
Such as resounds from an oppressive dream
Rushed by, until the air around her head
Teemed with the sounds and symbols of the dead.

Then came two figures tall and stiff and gaunt,
Such as we know our churchyards nightly haunt.
The one, a skeleton of graceful air,
No doubt a vestige of what once was fair;

The other shorter, might have been a beauty,
Or plain, and qualified to do her duty.
Now both stood upright, hideous fearful things,
Staring at Jay's false hair, her gauds and rings.

" Good gracious! who are you, most dreadful creatures?
That both stand there, with such grim ghastly features.
Oh, heavens! now pray do go, do go away,
But first just say if both were Mrs. Jay;
And was that tall one, your last predecessor,
Of whom I am alas! the third successor?"

Then thinking it was best now to be civil,
Even were they emissaries of the devil;
" I know you sang, and that you played divinely,
The other lady painted too, and finely.
I'm but a mean successor to such beauty,
Still by your children I will do my duty."
And Mrs. Jay, though frightened into fits,
Yet on her chair in shakes and shivers sits.

Then the black skeleton rolls sightless eyes,
While in a strident voice aloud she cries:

" We're neither of us widows to old Jay,
They were a horrid lot, most people say,
One quite a frightful woman, with black hair,
While mine you bought, was exquisitely fair.
Once Lady Smythe, there are my auburn locks
Which you saw first displayed on Truefitt's blocks.
Take off my curls, or I will claw them down,
For they're preposterous quite on your bald crown."

This lady says, " your locks, grown on her head,
Were cut off by the maid, when she was dead.
A little curl of mine, placed in a locket,
Was cherished by my lover in his pocket."

Then spake the other : " her short frizzly hair
Could not with my fine treble plait compare,
For bad small-pox, my scarlet locks were shorn,
And dyed to match the colour you have worn,
Give me my plait ! my precious plait, my own !
Or else I'll tear your body bone from bone."

These figures first appeared behind the glass,
From whence, around its frame, they seem to pass,

And next they scream and shriek, and howl, and roar,
What happened then ?—Of that we know no more !

Oh ! Bessy stood appalled before the door
To hear her mistress fall upon the floor.
Then finding courage, she just took a peep,
And there saw Mrs. Jay all of a heap.
Oh ! she was dead, the victim of a fright,
The secret of that fearful ghastly night.
One doctor, probably, would say she died of heart,
That oft maligned, but most convenient part
On which to lay complaints, not understood,
That carry us away for our own good.
Another swears her blood was out of order,
Sufficient cause for an obscure disorder.

All sorts of wondrous words were then applied,
To the poor malady of which she died.
It may be that the weak of ghosts can die,
And no one ever knows the reason why.

* * * *

Fair ladies, wear not spoils of the dead,
For life and health best decorate a head.
And if your hair must change to some new hue,
Pray have it dyed, while growing, dears, on you.
Relics of fever leave within the tomb,
And do not bring them to the dancing room.
The ghastly owners may behind you stand,
Fresh from the grave, a silent, solemn band.
So bury, pray, all that superfluous hair,
Nor let poor death's head curls infect the fair.
They're best consigned to fertilize the earth,
While of a fresh grown crop we'll celebrate the birth.

* * * * *

And Bessy looking round saw no one near,
Her agony too great for common fear.
She rushed with screams of terror down the stairs,
Of which she jumped the steps, but all in pairs;
And never pausing till she reached the room,
Of which the brightness, little like the gloom
She left upstairs, bewildered her still more
Than all she had experienced heretofore.

So falling with a flump upon the floor
The minute she had got inside the door,
She tumbled into a hysteric fit,
And at all helping hands, clutched, snapped, and bit;
Tho' still no word escaped her quiv'ring lip,
Nor could she proffered water even sip.
But screaming loud, "oh dead! oh dead! oh dead!"
Says Jay, "Old Bessy has gone off her head."

When suddenly she pointed up above,
Tho' quite unable still herself to move;
And shaking like a demi-semi-quaver,
Jay wondered at her very strange behaviour.

But he rushed up the stairs, so did his son,
Who seemed to think the scene most glorious fun;
And servants following, faltered at the door,
Quite fearful of some horrid sight in store
In there, from whence there came so deep a moan,
That nothing living could make such a groan.
So all fell back, the one upon the other,
With little shrieks the women could not smother.

* * * * *

And Mrs. Jay was found not far from dead,
With just a little wound upon her head,
From whence the spirits had removed her hair,
Which no one now discovered any where.
Soon in a night-cap she retired to bed,
With pains about her every where, she said.
Then later, such a horrid smell of burning
Came from her room—she cried "my hair is curling!"

Still, one could see she now wore no false hair,
Once of that orange color called "so fair;"
Her glass was next removed from its late place,
For Mrs. Jay looked seldom at her face,
Or if she did, 'twas by the light of day;
The reason why, of course, I need not say,
Nor in that room did she now long remain,
And always tried there Bessy to detain.

Old Mrs. Jay survived her husband years,
And at his death shed very proper tears.
There's now some talk of juvenile successors,
To supersede their early predecessors.

* * * * *

Old Bessy was soon jilted by her lover,
Who others knew to be a heartless rover,
And had, 'twas said, a live and lawful wife,
So Bessy dwelt in blessedness for life.

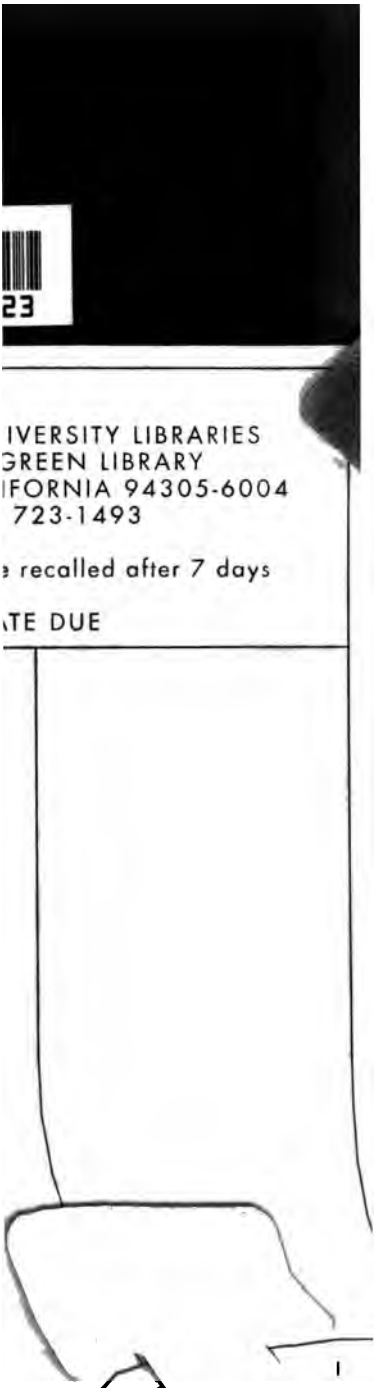
Nor had our friend the cat a happier fate,
As younger Jays, grown nautical of late,
Wished Bob to swim, and threw him in a lake,
To see if cats—like Captain Boyton—take
To swimming, naturally with the taste in fashion,
That makes cold water luckily a passion.
But Bob soon sank and never rose again,
On which his intimates all cried Amen.

We now wish Mrs. Jay a happy end
With any husband that the gods may send.
Experience made her wise, we see,
For had she heretofore not married three.
The first a very quiet man, long dead,
Reposes with a cross above his head.
The second you know ev'ry thing about,
How he was noble, and a German Count;

With ribbons blue and yellow, green and red,
Enough to dazzle a poor woman's head.
Old Jay, of all the three, perhaps the best,
Is with them now, I hope, in blessed rest;
Assuredly, a very common man,
But widows try and match him, if you can;
And do not take a fourth at any price,
If fortune has been favorable thrice.

THE END.

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